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THE FLOWERS' CHOICE.

I heard the flowers on a day
Confess in turn the fate which they
Would deem most blessed
The timid Violet whispered: "I
Would choose to live—I dare not die!
Let me be pressed!"

The Moss rose raised its dainty head,
And blushing: "Ah! what bliss," it said,
"For aye to rest
On some fair maiden's bosom soft,
And with her loving fingers oft
To be caressed!"

The gaudy Peony declared,
As arrogant around it stared;
"To be admired
Is all I ask! And 'tis my due;
My loveliness leaves nothing new
To be desired!"

The modest Daisy said: "I know,
Alas! I am not fit to grow
'Mid such as ye!
Yet God hath given to each a place
To occupy a little space,
Though mean he be.

Content with my estate, I pray,
Where He hath placed me, there to stay
Till life is done;
Enjoying warmth, enjoying light,
Until my everlasting night
Obscure the sun!"

And last the Lily, fair and mild,
Spoke, sighing: "When a little child
Is snatched by Death,
I'd love to nestle pure and bright
Within its hands so cold and white;
Or, in a wreath

I'd twine me o'er the coffin's lid,
Till from the mother's sight 'twas hid,
And I would make
The hideousness of Death appear
Less foully hideous—almost fair,
For her poor sake!"

The Lily spoke; and for a space
The dewy tears were shed apace!
And all confessed,
Who heard her gentle words, that she,
So full of love and sympathy,
Had chosen best!

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WORM I' THE BUD.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.—*Shakespeare.*

"Your aunt, I hope, is well, Mr. Burgoyne?"

"As well as usual—better than usual, I think. Her health is very precarious; but you know the old woman's proverb about a creaking door."

The speakers were Bracy Burgoyne and Lady Euphemia Breakspeare, who had met once more at the country house of Lady Royston, with whom Mr. Burgoyne was a supreme favorite.

Lady Euphemia's heart throbbed wildly as she spoke to him even those few commonplace words, and she could hardly bear to lift her eyes and meet the glances of those she loved so madly.

She was angry with herself for her madness, as she called it, but it was beyond her control; and truth to tell, Lady Royston was beginning to suspect her secret. The girl's nature was lovable and winning; there was none of the *hauteur* of high rank about her, and she could not quite hide her feelings under the cold, icy mask of conventionality. It was very sweet, and very bitter, too, to stand thus *tete-a-tete* with the man she loved, if only for a few minutes. Perhaps he might be growing to love her, that thus he sought her society. Who could tell?

Her next words startled him not a little.

"Did you tell me that pretty creature at Ferndale was not a widow, Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Mrs. Longmore?"

"Yes."

"She is not. To the best of my belief her husband is alive."

"Ah! Why does he not go there and take care of her?"

"Circumstances will not permit it. He is much abroad. Do you think Mrs. Longmore requires the supervision that you ask? The lady is only my tenant, you know; I am not supposed to know anything about her."

"I fancy she's fallen in love with my brother, that is all."

Bracy Burgoyne's face was turned away from the speaker, and his voice was very husky when he spoke again.

"Is—is the duke at Castletowers?" he asked, without looking round.

"Oh dear, no. He's in Norway, with a fishing and yachting party. He has not been in Staffordshire since he spirited me away so suddenly, and he doesn't intend going back this year at all.

"Then, what makes your ladyship think that——"

"That your pretty tenant is falling in love with him? Oh, only what Caterham says. Mrs. Caterham is our housekeeper there, and a dear old soul she is. She writes to me about everything that goes on there. You know, perhaps, that Lionel saw this Mrs. Longmore once in the woods?"

"Yes, I was at Ferndale at the time."

"Well, he was very much struck by her appearance, I suppose, and he made her free of the place while we ran away, and Caterham says she just raves about him."

"And the duke?"

"Yes; they rave together, I expect, for the whole world holds nothing like Lionel in Caterham's eyes. She says that Mrs. Longmore talks and questions her about Lionel continually, and I think she'd rather thankful he is away, though she need have no fear."

"Is his grace not susceptible, then, to female beauty?"

"Oh, it isn't that. How pale you are, Mr. Burgoyne! Are you ill?"

"No, thank you; I was not aware I was pale! Why do you think your brother is safe?"

"Because he has no heart to give away. He is in love himself."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You would never guess with whom."

"I should never presume to try, Lady Euphemia. I suppose some lady of title, his equal."

"Oh, no!" and she laughed merrily as she spoke. "Nothing half so proper or conventional. My proud brother—and Lionel is very proud in his way, though he doesn't seem so—has lost his heart to a street singer."

"A strange choice for a duke."

"Yes, isn't it? A regular case of King Cophetua and the beggar maid.

In robe and crown a king stepped down
To meet and greet her on her way,

and all that sort of thing, you know; only I believe in this case the king picked her up out of the gutter. It's a terribly serious matter, I assure you.

Cophetua swore a royal oath,
This beggar maid shall be my queen.

Only poor Lionel is not so fortunate as that celebrated monarch. He can't find the lady. He is searching for her everywhere, and when she is found her rags are to be changed, like Cinderella's, and she is to be mistress of Castletowers. Heigho! I don't like the prospects at all."

Bracy Burgoyne listened with the dead white of his face never changing, and his lips set firm. He foresaw evil. Hilda loved him—she had sworn it a thousand times, and the duke was an honorable gentleman; but he feared he knew not what, and was sore tempted to avow his marriage at once, and live as best he might on the means he had. He answered Lady Euphemia lightly and carelessly, and made Lady Royston's entrance an excuse for leaving the room.

It was a pretty parlor they were in, with windows opening to the ground on to a pretty garden, and a tiny boudoir, hardly more than a recess but that it had a fine bow window in it, adjoined it on the other side. Between the two rooms there was no division save a curtain, and another door opened into the hall.

"There goes the man I should like you to marry, Phemie," said Lady Royston, as Bracy Burgoyne passed through the window, and disappeared round the corner

"Me?"

"Yes, you, child. He's an upright, noble gentleman, and sometimes I have thought he fancied you."

"I don't think he does, said Lady Euphemia, with a wildly beating heart. "He has never——"

"Never said so—of course not. Bless me, child, he knows he's a detriment, as well as my snubbings can tell him. Still, I say he's the very man for you; your tastes would accord. He's a gentleman every inch of him, and you have money enough for both."

"Mr. Burgoyne isn't the man to live upon his wife," Lady Euphemia said, eagerly.

"No, of course he isn't; and if such a thing came about as his marrying you, I don't suppose the old woman at Nice, who seems such a dragon, would disinherit him. A duke's daughter, with ten thousand a year in her own right, isn't to be picked up every day. I think you like Bracy Burgoyne a little bit, don't you, Phemie?"

"I wish I had no money! I wish I was a poor governess—a milliner girl," was the passionate reply. "Money seems to stand in the way of all the happiness in this world."

"Hoity! hoity!" exclaimed Lady Royston, laughing; "that's a novel idea. Most people think otherwise. Look at me, Lady Euphemia Breakspeare. I think I see daylight. Do you despise money because it stands between you and Bracy Burgoyne, child?"

"I do."

"H'm! I thought so. You love him then? I'm glad to hear it."

"Glad! When the very thought of it fills me with shame. Glad that I love almost to senseless idiocy a man who has no thought nor care for me—to whom I am no more than the trees growing out yonder in the garden. Glad! I loathe myself when I think of it."

"My dear child, are you going crazy that you talk like that?"

"I think I am."

"You must be. There's no shame in your loving Bracy Burgoyne. He is not your equal in wealth, maybe, but he is a gentleman by birth and education, and a match for any one in the land in that respect. If such a thing came about as your marrying him, of course something would be found for him at once. I declare it would be the very pleasantest thing that could happen. And it will—it shall! If you love him you shall marry him, Phemie."

"Oh, don't talk like that, Lady Royston—pray don't!" said Lady Euphemia, blushing crimson all over her face and neck. "It can never be."

"It can, if you love him."

"If!" said Lady Euphemia, passionately "If I love him! I love him better than my own soul—better than anything in this world or the next. I must be going mad, I think. My heart is breaking with this mad love, and I cannot crush it out. I would give ten years of my life to be Bracy Burgoyne's wife for an hour. I would be content to die if I could once hear him say, 'Euphemia Breakspeare, I love you.'"

She burst into such passionate weeping that Lady Royston was almost frightened. She had looked upon her *protege* hitherto as a quiet, placid sort of girl, with no very vehement passions of any sort, and she was utterly astonished at the volcano which had been hidden under the quiet exterior.

And Bracy Burgoyne, standing transfixed in the little boudoir, had heard all this! He had gone in for a book without the slightest idea what the ladies were talking about. His own name made him pause, and sheer amazement did the rest. He stood, feeling as though he were stricken powerless, and heard the girl's confession of love for him.

Lady Royston saw him and made matters worse. She thought to bring matters to a crisis, and she stole noiselessly to where he stood, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Speak to her," she said, pointing to the bowed figure on the sofa "You have heard—have you nothing to say to her in your turn?"

For one moment, he hesitated, and then, turning a very white, set face to the lady, he said:

"Yes, Lady Royston, I have. Will you leave me to say it?"

She thought his manner odd for a lover, and his face very pale and stern; but she liked the idea of "all coming right," as she phrased it, and she stole silently away.

As she closed the door, Lady Euphemia looked up, to see Bracy Burgoyne standing by her, with a look of pain upon his face such as she had never seen before. She started up with a faint scream, and then the consciousness that he must have heard her passionate avowal made her sink back, faint and breathless, almost fainting, on the sofa.

"Go!" she gasped. "If you are a man, leave me."

"In a moment I will," he said, gravely. "I cannot go without telling you how grieved I am that I should have heard—by chance, believe me—what fell from your lips just now. Will you try and credit me when I assure you that your secret shall be mine also? No word of what I have so accidentally heard shall ever pass my lips to any one while I live."

He paused a moment, and then went on again.

"You have done me great honor, Lady Euphemia—the greatest that a woman can do to a man."

"No, no," she murmured, her head still bowed upon her hands.

"And could I have foreseen it, I should have acted differently. In return, I can only confide to you a secret—the secret of my life. It will explain why I did not—that is, why your gentle loveliness seemed to pass all unnoticed by me. You are listening to me?"

"Yes."

"I must say what I have to say. If it gives you further pain I shall be very sorry, but it is best. Before I saw you I was already married."

"Married!"

"Yes!"

Keenly pointed with pain was the word. It rang sharp and shrill as it fell from her lips. And then a sudden look of intelligence and fright came into her eyes.

"I see it all" she said, in the same shrill tone. "The woman at Ferndale—Mrs. Longmore——"

"Is my wife, Lady Euphemia. I have been obliged to tell you. Can I trust you with my secret?"

"With your life, if need be, Mr. Burgoyne. I'll keep it to the edge of the grave."

CHAPTER VIII.

BRACY BURGOYNE'S GIFT.

Am I mad that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom though my
heart be at the root.
—*Tennyson.*

Lady Euphemia was stony calm when she gave the promise to Bracy Burgoyne. She felt as though she were suddenly turned to ice. To the edge of the grave! Aye, and beyond it, would she keep any secret of his.

"I feel as though I should die," she said presently, "of the shame of what has happened. I am in your power, Mr. Burgoyne. You will be merciful and spare me, will you not?"

"I think I hardly understand you," he replied, gently. "Spare you the knowledge that I heard you I cannot. Lady Royston's mistake and kind ambition for me have forced me into this painful position. If you mean spare you any mention of what has passed, you need have no fear. Your name shall never pass my lips, save with the reverence due from a man to a woman who has honored him with her priceless love. I will leave you now, and you shall not be embarrassed with my presence at Royston for more than what time it will take me to pack up and get away. Good-by."

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers; he put it to his lips reverently.

"Try and look upon all this as a dream," he said; "it will soon be little more to you, I am sure."

"I wish it were one; Mr. Burgoyne, I wish you every happiness, from my heart I do."

"I believe it, and thank you."

"Will you tell me your wife's name? She is very lovely."

"She bears an old fashioned Saxon name, oddly enough, considering she is an Italian by birth."

"An Italian?"

"Yes."

"And you met her——"

"In Rome."

"Rome! What is her name?"

She seemed almost to have forgotten her own grief and humiliation in some new feeling that was springing up within her. Her eyes dilated, and she looked almost terrified.

"Her name is Hilda," he replied, wondering a little at her eagerness to know.

"Hilda! Ah, I thought so," she murmured to herself. "Mischief will come of it, and to him. What can I do?—what shall I do?"

Though her brain was in a whirl, she spoke quite calmly when she answered him.

With a woman's prescience she foresaw, as she said, mischief to come. She comprehended now her brother's haste to leave Castletowers, and his silence on the subject of Mrs. Longmore. He had found his lost love, and found her another man's wife.

"Mrs. Burgoyne's name is as pretty as herself," she said, rising. "Go now, Mr. Burgoyne, and if ever she speaks of me, say Euphemia Breakspeare sent her her best wishes."

"Say Mrs. Longmore when you speak of her again," he said smiling. "It's a secret, and must be one until I have some sort of a position."

"I shall never have occasion to speak of her," said Lady Euphemia. "Will you grant me a favor, Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Anything; ask me what you will."

"Nay, there is no need to get heroic; the request I am going to make has nothing to do with the madness you overheard just now."

"Whatever it is you shall have it."

She made her request, and he stared at her in blank amazement.

"May I ask what for?"

"I cannot tell; if I were a Scotchwoman I should think I was 'fey,' and had the prescience of second sight. I can give you no reason. I am only filled with a dim presentiment of horror, and a feeling that my feeble hands, armed with the boon I crave from you, can help to avert mischief. Will you do it?—it is a little thing?"

"I will. You shall hear from me this afternoon."

He raised her hand to his lips, gravely bade her good-bye and went his way, and Lady Royston having seen that much came fussing in, and opined that it was all right, and talked twaddling congratulation till Lady Euphemia felt that she must go mad.

"Don't!" she said, imploringly. "You were mistaken, Lady Royston, and I—I am the most miserable woman in all this wide earth."

She did not waste many words in telling what had happened; there were obstacles, she said—insurmountable ones—and she would rather not talk any more about it; the matter was ended altogether, and she would be glad if Lady Royston would let it rest.

Just before she went to dress for dinner a small parcel was brought to Lady Euphemia.

The servant said, "From Mr. Burgoyne, my lady," and she bade him put it down. There was no answer needed. She did not attempt to open it, and Lady Royston was almost beside herself with curiosity.

"You know what it is?" she queried.

"Yes," was the listless answer.

"May I know?"

"No; it is something of Mr. Burgoyne's which he has entrusted to me. I cannot tell you anything more."

Her manner was so calmly and quietly resolute that Lady Royston could ask nothing further; and when they went up to their dressing-rooms Lady Euphemia took the parcel with her, and never alluded to it in any way again.

Nor did she ever allude to Bracy Burgoyne, and no one, except kind-hearted Lady Royston, ever guessed at what had happened. Her cheek did not flush or pale, or her lip quiver, when his name was mentioned; but she would listen to no lovers. Plenty came a wooing for her money—a few for her sweet self—but she sent them all away.

Bracy Burgoyne went his way among his fellow men; but it came to be remarked, as time wore on, that there seemed to be a cloud upon him. His frank, winning manner was almost entirely gone, and lines of care showed themselves in his face, and threads of gray in his hair.

No one could tell what had come over him. There was only one person in the world who knew what was causing the change in him, and that was Barbara Hepburn, the grim duenna of his beautiful young wife.

She knew how Hilda's frivolity and heartlessness, her ambition and extravagance, were wearing out her husband's patience; how every time he came to Ferndale Hollow there was wrangling and bitterness, and threats from the wilful beauty for whose sake he was keeping his secret so jealously guarded, that she would disclose it and ruin him, regardless of the fact that she would ruin herself also.

Barbara alone knew what an aching heart Bracy Burgoyne carried away with him when he went away after his visits.

Hilda would talk of nothing but dress, and her vain cravings after a higher sphere than the quiet life at Ferndale. And the faithful servant knew only too well how terribly her husband was hampered in his endeavors to please her whims.

Glittering trinkets and costly dresses make a large hole in a poor man's income, and Hilda would have all these even in the retirement of Ferndale.

Barbara begged her master to put a veto on his wife's constant visits to Castletowers. She would dress herself like a little duchess, and go there and spend hours talking with Mrs. Caterham, and trying to imagine herself mistress of all the glories of the grand old house.

Mrs. Caterham and the servants were perfectly infatuated with her, Barbara declared; they fooled her to the top of her bent, and told her tales of the greatness of the Breakspeares, till her head was fairly turned.

But Bracy Burgoyne only shook his head sadly.

"Forbidding her the castle would not make much difference," he said. "I am going to do better than that."

"What?" asked Barbara gravely.

"Take her away from Ferndale altogether."

"Leave here?"

"Yes."

"Heaven be thanked."

"You don't like the Hollow? I thought you were comfortable here."

"So I am; a better house woman need not wish for. But it's a bad place for her—for you—it's too near there," and she indicated the castle with an angry nod.

"It is, indeed, if she only knew all," thought Bracy Burgoyne to himself; but he only replied, "As soon as I can see my way to the expenses, and it will be in a very few months, I hope I shall take her elsewhere. Will you come with us, Barbara?"

"I'll come anywhere with you, Mr. Burgoyne; but as you value your own peace, let it be soon. For the love of heaven, take your wife away from here without any delay."

"It shall be as soon as possible, Barbara, be sure of it; but I think you make too much of the danger. I have perfect faith in my wife."

"Have you?" said Barbara to herself. Aloud she only observed, "I'm glad of it; sir; but still I say—go. Mischief has come to this house from the castle before now, and may again."

Hilda, coming in from a ramble, overheard a good deal of what the two were saying. She had walked listlessly and wearily enough till she knew that the next turning would bring her in sight of Ferndale, and then she pushed back her hat and tumbled her hair, and filled her little apron with wild flowers, and went in a very picture of beauty and innocence, with a song upon her lips, and an innocent light sparkling in her eyes.

"So, I'm to be sent away, am I?" she said to herself, as she overheard the words. "Taken away from Ferndale. We shall see. I don't intend to leave this place till I have seen the duke again," and she kept her word.

Bracy Burgoyne did not forbid his wife going to the castle—perhaps he felt that it would be no use if he did. The duke and Lady Euphemia were both away, and likely to remain so. On the slightest hint of their return, he should certainly take his wife away from the Hollow at once.

He could not spend his Christmas with her. His aunt held him bound to her for all the festive seasons of the year, so he had to content himself with sending Hilda a box of the pretty things in which her soul delighted—a handsome dress and some glittering jewelry, which Hilda put on, and sallied forth to spend the day with Mrs. Caterham.

Barbara objected very much to this conduct, declaring that she ought not to descend to the housekeeper's level by visiting her so familiarly.

"Then my husband should find proper society for me," was the curt reply. "I'm expected to descend to your level, and Mrs. Caterham is at least a lady."

"Which I am not. I am perfectly aware of the fact; but I may be safer company, for all that."

"What do you mean?"

"I have no Duke of Castletowers to talk about. Take care what you are doing, Mrs. Burgoyne. His grace may be an honorable man—I don't wish to doubt it—but honorable men don't turn out of their way to avoid women who openly put themselves in their path."

"I do believe you are crazy," exclaimed Hilda. "How can I throw myself in the man's way when he isn't there? I'm a fool to put up with your insolence. You needn't stay up for me. Mrs. Caterham will see me sent home safely."

"And I'm a fool to stay with her," Barbara said to herself as she watched her walk away, all radiant with satin and furs. "But that it is to save my master from sorrow, if I can, I would go as it is. She has no friends to come to her if she gets ill. After all, it's a lonely life for her."

Some spice of sympathy was in her heart for the lonely girl. She was ill just now. By and by, when she got stronger, she would not be so wayward, maybe. Hilda was far from well. There had been hopes of her becoming a mother, and Bracy Burgoyne had looked forward to the new tie between them as likely to concentrate his wife's affections, and make her less erratic. But it was not to be. A fall, got in what Barbara called "rampaging" about the castle grounds, had destroyed her hopes, and left her very fragile and delicate.

She declared she was well and had dismissed her doctor, electing to physic herself, and lately her duenna's mind had been much disturbed by her insisting on going to Stafford and purchasing medicine for herself, which she kept locked up.

"It's only an opiate, you stupid old thing," was her reply to Barbara's questioning. "Don't look at me as though you fancied it was poison."

"Opiates are poison—every one of 'em," was the grim reply.

"Yes, if you take enough of them. I'm not going to," Hilda answered. "I like my life now, and mean to like it better yet before I die."

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH.

Ere yet decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
—*Byron.*

Hilda went defiantly to dine with Mrs. Caterham, bent upon making herself as agreeable as she could. She was quite right in her assertion that the dignified old housekeeper of the Breakspeares was a lady. She was a clergyman's widow, who, left penniless, had been glad to find such a haven of rest as the situation she held.

She could not see through Hilda's shallow and ambitious nature, and in her ignorance she pondered to the worst phases of it.

Mrs. Caterham was not in her usual spirits on this bright Christmas morning. Everything had gone right. The dinner was done to a nicety, and the annual bounties to the poor, of which the old lady had the supervision in the absence of Lady Euphemia, had been duly attended to.

The duke was very charitable, and judiciously so, to his people, and there was not a house on the estate, be it never so poor, that was not in some way the better for the season of glad tidings of peace and goodwill. It was not gifts altogether. Maybe it was improvements made, or rents remitted, or some provison made for old age, or rising, ambitious youth. Anyhow, the favors were done, and done in such a way that they came like blessings, and made the name of the owner of Castletowers loved all through the country, nearly half of which owned his sway.

"What's the matter?" inquired Hilda, when she saw how grave Mrs. Caterham looked. "Has the turkey come to grief, or have the 'puddens busted,' as I heard our intellectual specimens yonder telling Mrs. Hepburn ours had? Fancy sitting down to a 'busted pudden!' Barbara was ready to slap me, I do believe, because I laughed."

"Ah, you don't know the trouble of making a Christmas pudding child, or you'd think it a much more serious matter to have it spoiled," said Mrs. Caterham, with a smile. "My trouble is more serious than that, dear. Take off your hat, dear, and after dinner I'll tell you all about it."

Mrs. Caterham was not alone. She had her son, a well-to-do farmer from Devonshire, and his wife to spend the Christmas with her, and she was quite as happy as though she were in a home of her own. She was absolute mistress, and might, had she so pleased, have unshrouded the banqueting hall and the drawing-rooms and received her guests therein, but she preferred comfort to splendor, and they dined in a small dining-room used by the steward, and adjourned afterwards to her cosy parlor, forgetting in its warmth and radiance that there was a big, unoccupied house at their backs, full of nothing but echoing noises and remembrances of past grandeur.

"Now, mother dear, what's your dismal news?" asked George Caterham, a big, burly man, with a contented, happy face. "Anything very dreadful? The Breakspeares ain't sold up, are they, and you hav'n't to turn out? If that's it, we'll make up the spare bed at once, won't we, Grizzy?"

Mrs. Caterham's name was Grizel, or Griselda, as she strove very hard to make people believe, and she didn't like to be called Grizzy.

"Don't George," she said. "I hate to be called that!"

"Well, mousey, then, if you like it better. There isn't much more of you than a mouse," replied the farmer, encircling the waist of his better half, who was of the smallest order of women, with his huge arm. "If it's a break-up, there's room for mammie here at Caterham, isn't there?"

"Indeed there is," replied the little woman. "Mammie knows that." And she touched the housekeeper's hand with a caress that showed the warm affection existing between her and her husband's mother. "But I hope it's nothing of that sort. Lor, Miss Longmore, how pale you do look!"

"Heaven forbid!" said the old lady. "No, the Breakspeares are not of a race that run headlong to ruin and break up their old homes. My master is as rich as ever, and as good as ever, bless him! It isn't that. Mrs. Longmore, my dear, you are awfully pale. Do you feel ill?"

"No," Hilda replied, blushing furiously now at being noticed. "I am not very strong now, you know, but I did not know I was paler than usual."

She was very angry with herself for thus wearing her heart upon her sleeve. Of late the mere mention of the name of Lionel Breakspeare had been enough to set her heart throbbing wildly, and the idea of a catastrophe and poverty coming upon his house made her feel sick. The color came back at Mrs. Caterham's words. After all, it was some family affair of her own, nothing to interest outsiders, and she was prepared to sympathize with her friend, in her pretty, charming manner, about whatever her trouble might be. But her head began to swim again, and her heart to beat wildly at the housekeeper's next words.

"I've had a letter from his grace," she said; "a kind, pleasant letter, but it is

very sad. He's not coming to Castletowers again."

"Never?" asked her son.

"Well, it seems like it. He's going out to India with his regiment. He hasn't often been with it, though he's a captain. He must have made up his mind rather suddenly. Something's the matter with Lady Euphemia—he doesn't say what—and she's going to live abroad with Lady Royston."

"Is Castletowers to be shut up?"

It was Hilda who asked the question, in a dry, hard voice.

"No, my dear; not more than it is now. His grace is good enough to say it can be in no better keeping than mine, and it is to be kept up, and in repair. I am to see the steward about it. I feel very sad, for I love my master and his sister as though they were my own children, and I begin to feel as though I should never see them again."

"But will they not come here before they leave?" Hilda asked in the same curious, measured tones.

"No, my dear. I can't quite understand what is the matter with Lady Euphemia. His grace says he is extremely anxious about her. I hope she may not be falling into a waste, as her mother did. They start for Naples to-morrow, and from there the duke will join the regiment at Malta. It's a very kind letter, but it's a sad one. Somehow, I feel as if there were something in it beyond what I see. I would rather have seen his face than had all the letters in the world, however kind and good. He has sent me a ten-pound note, and a brooch with his hair and Lady Euphemia's twined in it. Bless them both, I say."

Indeed, there was something of a farewell in the letter, and the duke meant it to be so. He could not crush out the wild, frantic love that so insanely possessed him for Bracy Burgoyne's wife, and he resolved to put half the world between them, and strive, in regimental duties and the discipline of barrack life, to forget her.

He was more anxious than he had said about his sister; Lady Euphemia had suddenly sunk into a curious state of prostration, for which no doctors could account.

Lady Royston kept the secret of the real cause, and Lionel never suspected that his sister's heart, like his own, was gone out of her keeping.

Hilda took her leave of Mrs. Caterham very early that evening. She was not so strong as she thought, she said, and felt tired. But she did not go till she had found out from the housekeeper the name of his lordship's regiment, and the place where it would be stationed in India.

She felt cold and sick as she walked to Ferndale. What she had hoped or wished for in the future she hardly knew, but all her aspirations seemed to end together with the knowledge that Lionel Breakspeare was going away to India.

True, she could go to Castletowers as before, and feast her eyes and her imagination on the many pretty things there; but it would not be the same. There would not be the same delightful, vague hope that perhaps the duke would come suddenly—that she should see again the man who would have made her a duchess, who loved her still so madly that he was exiling himself from home for her sake.

"It is all over now," she said to herself, staring blankly into her looking-glass, when she had undressed herself. "There's nothing to live for that I can see. I wish I could die and forget it all."

Two days afterwards the Duke of Castletowers drove up to the gate of Ferndale Hollow, and alighted thereat.

He had found it necessary to visit the castle for a few hours, and would not leave without seeing Hilda.

"There can be no harm in saying good bye," he argued with himself, "and in the presence of the old lady. I cannot go without it."

The door was wide open, and on the threshold stood the little servant who did all the work of the house, crying spasmodically in evident terror as well as grief.

"What's the matter?" asked his grace.

"Oh, it's the missus, please, sir!" was the reply.

"What ails her?"

"She's dead, sir."

"Mrs. Hepburn?"

"No, sir, Mrs. Longmore.

"Dead!"

"Yes, sir. She've been and poisoned herself. She took too much of some wrong doctor's stuff, and she's dead."

"Where is Mrs. Hepburn?"

"Gone for the doctor, sir. She said I was a thick-headed fool, and she'd get him sooner than me."

"Where is she—Mrs. Longmore?"

"In the boudoir, sir."

The duke pushed past her and went in, following the direction of her pointing finger.

There lay Hilda Sforza, his love, upon the couch, white and cold. No gleam of life or light in those glorious eyes, over which the blue-veined lids lay in such stony stillness.

He might kiss her now—might call her by a thousand endearing names, and no man could say him nay. She was not Bracy Burgoyne's bride, but Death's!

He flung himself on his knees by her side, and kissed her cold face passionately, calling her by a thousand endearing names, and weeping hot, bitter tears. All was at an end now—the passionate hopes, the wild love, the mad despair—and he poured out to the silent form before him all the agony he had not dared to confess to the living, breathing Hilda.

"Take something of mine to the grave with you, darling," he murmured. "Let me feel that something I have touched and worn is lying with you till the day when we shall meet in another world, and know, maybe, why we were kept apart in this one."

He put a ring upon her finger, taken from his own warm hand, and with more passionate kisses he went away. As he drove off, Barbara Hepburn and the nearest doctor came up in hot haste in the latter's gig.

"What did he want?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, grimly.

"He didn't say," replied the girl.

She had left off crying now, and there was a keen look of intelligence in her face.

"Did you tell him?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Came in and looked at missus."

"Was that all?"

"He said 'Poor thing!' and what a dreadful thing it was, and then went away."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.—The most ancient manuscripts are written without accents, stops, or separation between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between the words.

THE FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR.

BY A. H. S.

The winter evening closes in,
The winter fire burns bright;
With sweet thoughts in my heart I sit
In the last waning light.

No candle lit—for, ah! I love
In tender visions there,
To watch the fire, and listen for
His footstep on the stair.

Nor station high, nor wealth we seek,
A happier lot than ours;
Love, ever present in our home,
Our path strews with his flowers.

And hand in hand, we down life's hill
Shall ever strive to go;
One soul, one mind, one heart, one home,
Till comes the winter snow.

And so, with true love in my heart,
I watch the fire, and wait,
And listen till I hear swing back
Our little garden gate.

Hark! What is that? I hear it now.
My own dear love is there!
It must be—yes, it is at last,
His footstep on the stair.

Adele.

"She is beautiful!"

"Pshaw! Clarence, you did not see her—she is quite plain; but she wears her hair in such a bold manner that it cannot but attract attention."

"I saw her full in the face, and such eyes, such a lovely complexion I never saw before in my life. Her hair is worn as nature intended it to be worn—unconfined, and curling. But you have not yet told me who she is."

"Well, then, Sir Clarence Hope, the most fastidious and aristocratic of bachelors, know that the paragon you just met with—*such* eyes, *such* complexion, *such* curling hair—was none other than Adele Graham, teacher of music and drawing."

"Adele Graham!" repeated Clarence Hope, thoughtfully. "I have heard that name before, surely," he added. "Is she not the daughter of John Graham, who, when I visited Clinton years ago, was a wealthy banker?"

"The same; then Adele was a mere child; but when she was about fifteen her father became a bankrupt, and soon after died. Mrs. Graham struggled along for some time, but being a delicate woman she could do but little; and so Adele took to giving lessons in music and drawing. Of course all her friends patronize her, and treat her kindly, but you know it would be impossible to receive her in society—and thus ends your romance."

"Not at all. I see no reason why it should end here. Adele Graham is of a good family—probably far better connected than many who patronize, but fail to associate with her. I knew her father well—a noble-hearted man—and I shall endeavor to cultivate his daughter's acquaintance."

"Now, Clarence, for mercy sake, don't get such ridiculous notions in your head, or you will bring down upon you the ridicule of our entire set."

"Bah!" was all the reply Sir Clarence condescended to make to his pretty cousin's piece of advice, as he lighted a cigar and commenced pacing up and down the garden.

Sir Clarence Hope, baronet, was a bachelor—a tall, handsome man of about thirty. He had just returned from a continental tour, and being very wealthy was considered a "great catch." He had come to the town of Clinton to visit his dead mother's only sister, Mrs. May, a widow, the mother of Nellie May, one of the prettiest and vainest girls in Clinton.

Nellie was more annoyed than she was willing to admit to think that her handsome cousin, of whom she had so often spoken in terms of the highest commendation to the members of "her set," should be attracted by poor Adele Graham, the music-teacher.

Sir Clarence paced up and down the gravel walk for half an hour or more, puffing away at his cigar and watching the smoke-wreaths curl fantastically above his head.

"Clarence, come here," cried Nellie from the library.

Clarence threw aside his cigar, and entered the library. Nellie sat at her writing-desk, holding in her hand a slip of paper on which was written a long list of names.

"There, now, I have completed the list, and I want you to help me fill in the invitation-cards for my party."

"Read me the list."

Nellie read over the names of fifty of her "dear friends."

"I did not hear the name of Miss Adele Graham. Do you not intend to invite her?"

"By no means. What would Harriet Arnold and Julia Gill say to see Adele Graham, a daily governess, at a party of mine? Indeed, this idea is too ridiculous for anything."

"Very well, just as you please; but if the daughter of my old friend, Mr. John Graham, is not invited, I must also decline the honor of being present," said Sir Clarence.

Nellie bit her lip with vexation. It would never do to fail of having Sir Hope Clarence Hope present, for she was giving the party solely to introduce him to the society of Clinton; and yet how in the world could she ever brook the mortification of having Adele Graham, the poor teacher, there! She knew there would be no use in arguing the matter with her cousin; he was determined, and would not give up the point; so she had to yield, and the invitation was written and sent with the others.

The evening of the party at length arrived. Adele was at first reluctant to come; she could not understand why she was invited to this party, after being neglected for so many years; but her mother urged her so strongly to accept, that she brought out from its hiding-place in the closet her old white muslin, and spent several hours in fitting and doing it up to wear. And when she had put the last touches to her toilet, and stood before her mother, Mrs. Graham said, "You never looked better in your life, Adele. Here, let me fasten this rose and a few geranium leaves in your hair." And she plucked the single tea-rose that was blooming on a little bush in the china flower-pot that stood in the sitting-room window.

The rooms at Mrs. May's beautiful mansion were tastefully decorated; the long French windows, opening on the lawn, were thrown open, and a perfect flood of light streamed out and lighted up the tastefully laid out grounds.

Nellie May was radiant in a perfect cloud of rose-colored tarletan; and by her side stood Sir Clarence Hope, to whom she introduced her friends as she received them.

An hour passed by, and all the invited guests had arrived. Many a glance of surprise and haughty pride was cast upon Adele Graham, as she moved gracefully through the room, apparently unconscious of the remarks her presence occasioned.

Miss Julia Gill, a haughty, imperious beauty, the daughter of a retired West India merchant, rushed up to Nellie exclaiming:—"Why, Nell, what in the world possessed you to invite Adele Graham to your party? You know that she is not in good society."

"I know it," replied Nellie, blushing. "But my cousin the Baronet insisted upon it, because her father happened to be known to him years ago; and he could not be convinced that there was any difference between Adele the teacher, and Adele the banker's daughter."

"Oh, how ridiculous!" cried the haughty beauty, tossing back her curls with well-affected grace.

Adele Graham, as she hung upon the arm of Sir Clarence Hope, and promenaded through the spacious apartments, was a pretty picture of innocence and enjoyment; and Sir Clarence brought into requisition all his fund of entertaining conversation. Many an envious glance was bestowed upon Adele, and many an unkind epithet more than whispered as the evening passed by, and the Baronet still lingered at her side, apparently oblivious to the beauty and grace around him, striving to attract his attention and favor.

That evening when he handed Adele into the "fly" and bade her good night, he said:—"Miss Graham, I am about to claim the privilege of calling to see you occasionally during my stay in Clinton. Your father was an esteemed friend of mine, and his daughter and widow must be the same."

"I am sure mamma will be happy to welcome you at any time," replied Adele. And they parted for the night.

It was some hours before Adele retired; for she had so much to tell her mother before she could close her eyes in sleep. And very attentively Mrs. Graham listened to the recital of the evening's pleasures.

When Clarence returned to the drawing-room, after the dispersal of the company, he found his cousin Nellie in a fit of the pouts.

"Heyday! what's the matter here?" he said, as he flung himself into an easy chair.

"Matter enough, I should think. The party has been an utter failure. You have spoiled everything by your exclusive attention to that vulgar music mistress. Then, all the girls came out in new dresses, and did their best to attract your attention, and draw from you one approving smile, but you were blind to every one and everything but that Adele Graham."

"And why not? What do I care for a set of chattering sillies like Julia Gill and her followers? I tell you, Nellie, Adele Graham has more sense than the whole of them put together, and you would do well to cultivate her acquaintance, for her friendship is something of which any sensible woman might well be proud."

So saying, he arose and left the room; and Nellie burst into a passionate flood of tears. To think that he, the cousin of whom she was so proud, and of whom she had boasted so much, should call her dear friends "a set of chattering sillies." It was too much; and poor Nellie went to a sleepless pillow that night.

Six weeks flew by, and during that time Sir Clarence Hope was a constant visitor at Mrs. Graham's cottage; and almost daily Adele and he might be seen walking together.

At length, Madame Rumor said they were engaged; and the giddy girls who had tried in vain to attract his attention, coolly wondered what the Baronet saw in Adele Graham, the daily governess, to admire; but they treated Adele with increased attention and courtesy. If she was really to be the wife of the wealthy Sir Clarence Hope, it would not do to slight her.

At length, Adele gave up teaching; so that all the gossiping young ladies were satisfied that their conjectures were true. Nor were they wrong. Three months after Nellie May's party, Sir Clarence Hope and Adele Graham were married, quietly and without display; and after the rather extended wedding tour, they returned to Clinton and took up their abode in the stately mansion that had been the home of Adele before her father's failure and death, and which the Baronet had purchased from its subsequent owner.

Adele Graham was not, however, a penniless bride, as many at first supposed her; for a few weeks after the party, she became the possessor of a handsome fortune, by the death of a distant and almost unknown relative. This she kept to herself until the day of her marriage, for she wanted fully to test the depth of Sir Clarence Hope's love. And when it became known in Clinton that Adele had a fortune in her own right, besides the great wealth of her husband all wondered at her eccentricity, and by redoubled efforts of attention, endeavored to wipe out the memory of past neglect. But Lady Adele was happy, and cared little for the attention and flattery showered upon her. She loved her husband, and the days glided by, freighted with joy and sunshine.

REFLECTIONS BY A MOSQUITO.

Buzz-z-z-z! Buzz-z-z! How I hate this November weather, full of raw, chilly days and nights. And when one is the last of one's race, as I am, it is rather lonely, to say the least. So hard to get a living, too. Good, kind sir, I pray you, let me have just a drop of your rich blood. Ah, cruel! Would you crush me? But you shall not be rid of me so easily. I will wait until you sleep, and then—my hunger shall be satisfied.

I have not always been so unfortunate and lonely. Long ago, when I was a mere larva in the pond, my life was a happy one. How well I remember my first day of conscious existence. It was a warm, sunshiny morning in late summer, when I burst the shell of my tiny egg, and sprang forth a perfect larva. How refreshing the soft, cool water seemed to my baby limbs, so long cramped in the egg! And the sun shone down so warm and bright, that it gladdened my very heart.

All about me were myriads of my brothers and sisters; some quite fully grown, and darting to and fro with wonderful rapidity, while the younger ones, like myself, remained motionless, suspended head downward from the surface of the water. Without thinking, I myself took the same position, and then I found that, though my head was under water, I could still breathe the warm air above by means of a tube that went off at an angle from near the end of my body and communicated with other breathing organs. Beside this, with my antennæ I kept up a constant current of water toward my mouth by which means I drew in animalcule for food. When I had made a good meal off these little creatures, I bethought me of the egg in which I had once existed, and which I had seen was attached to many others, forming a sort of raft. But, alas! this raft of eggs, which neither wind nor wave could sink, wet, or break up, and on which a temperature below the freezing point would have had no effect; this raft, now that myself and the other larvæ had departed, collapsed and sank to the bottom. For the moment I was sorry enough to see my old home destroyed, but I was soon absorbed in my new life.

For nearly fifteen days I remained in this position, changing it only when disturbed, and when my old skin fell off—which it did several times. By degrees I passed into the pupa state. My form had meanwhile changed, and I had two tiny breathing tubes at the back of my neck, so that I was now able to swim head upward. For the next five days I ate nothing, but spent the time in turning somersaults in the water and in darting to and fro to explore my surroundings. Many were the curious glimpses I caught of life among the grubs and snails at the bottom of the pond, and many the narrow escapes I had from the hungry, keen-eyed fish.

At length, on a warm, still, sunny day, my pupa-shell began to crack and finally split down my back. I cautiously lifted my head and body from the shell, leaned my front feet on the surface of the water for support and unfolded my wet wings to dry. It was, perhaps the most critical period of my life. I trembled lest some unlucky breeze might tip me over, and consign me, no longer able to swim, to a watery grave. However, I escaped that danger, and when my wings were quite dry I spread them and flew away in search of food. Not to seek for blood, however, for I was miles away from any human habitation, but to revel among the flowers and sip their sweet juices. It is fortunate that we mosquitoes can live, as we do, almost entirely on vegetable juices, or sweetened liquids; for comparatively few of us can ever have a chance to taste human blood. Of course, we lady mosquitoes often indulge in a drop or two, when we can get it, but our husbands are too delicately reared for anything but honey, and many of them, probably, do not eat at all.

Ah! what a glorious life I led with my friends, careering in wild delight over the sunny fields, now dipping into a clover blossom, now burying myself in the heart of a wild rose, or holding buzzing disputes over the possession of some coveted buttercup! Never, never can I forget those happy days! Ah me! why could they not last forever?

By degrees my faithful friends died off, or fell a prey to other insects, birds, or bats. Even my husband—poor dear!—died soon after our wedding, and left me to pine in lonely widowhood. However, that is the common fate of our race—we are all young widows. Day by day, as the autumn frost killed the plants, the remnant of our once joyous band were driven to human dwellings to seek for food. But alas! we had a hard struggle for it. We were hunted down and killed without mercy; until now, at length, I alone remain. And, if I can find nothing to eat, I shall soon follow my comrades to the grave.

Ah, sir! at last you sleep! Perhaps, now, I may feast on a drop of your blood. I am so glad at the thought, that I cannot help buzzing with joy. But what was that? His hand has crushed me. I am dying. I am not sorry to leave this world, for it is very lonely now. Is there not, I wonder, another life in which we mosquitoes shall no longer be persecuted by men, and in which we shall roam with our friends among flowers, forever and ever?

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CHEAP MUCILAGE.—To make a cheap but durable mucilage, macerate 5 parts of good glue in 20 parts of water for 24 hours, adding 20 parts of rock candy and 3 parts of gum arabic.

THE NORTH SEA.—Scientists show us that they can trace a period when the North Sea did not exist, and at the same time that England and the southern part of Scandinavia were joined to the continent of Europe.

THE EARTH AND SUN.—The distance of the earth from the sun, as given by the reduction of the contact observations of the transit of Venus by the British expeditions, is 93,300,000 miles. The photographic observations are yet to be discussed; but this result is somewhat larger than was expected.

THE EYESTONE.—The eyestone is a small, calcareous plate of shell, circular and plano-convex in form. It is a carbonate of lime; and, if put into a saucer with a little vinegar, it will move about as if on legs. This is owing to the union of the vinegar with the lime, which sets the carbonic acid gas free in the form of minute bubbles, thus giving motion to the stone; and this is the mystery of its life.

TEST FOR WOOLEN FABRICS.—A simple and very striking test may be made to discover the admixture of cotton in woolen fabrics, by unraveling the goods and placing a little of the fibre into a dish and dropping upon it some strong nitric acid. The cotton will be little or not at all affected; the wool, on the contrary, will be changed to a bright yellow. The color is due, in the latter instance, to the development of a nitrate.

TO MAKE JAPANS.—For black japan grounds mix shellac varnish with either ivory black or lampblack; but the former is preferable. These may be always laid on with the shellac varnish and have their upper or polishing coats of common seed lac varnish. A common black japan may be made by painting a piece of work with drying oil and heating it in a stove that is hot enough to change the oil black without burning it.

THICKENING ICE.—In districts of the country where the cold is neither long nor intense, a suggestion of a Danish journal may be found useful in obtaining a supply of ice for summer use. When the ice is formed on a suitable stream, pond, or lake, make holes in the ice and insert portable pumps in them. From time to time pump up as much water as will cover the surface of the ice. This strata of water will soon freeze, and ice a foot thick can be harvested, where otherwise only cakes of about two inches in thickness could be gathered.

A CHEAP TELEPHONE.—Prof. Barrett, in a recent lecture on the telephone, gave a receipt for making a cheap one. Take a wooden tooth-powder box and make a hole about the size of a half crown in the lid and the bottom. Take a disc of tinned iron, such as can be had from a preserved meat tin, and place it on the outside of the bottom of the box, and fix the cover on the other side of it. Then take a small bar-magnet, place on one end a small cotton or silk reel, and round the reel wind some iron wire, leaving the ends loose. Fix one end of the magnet near, as near as possible without touching, to the disc, and then one part of the telephone is complete. A similar arrangement is needed for the other end. The two are connected by the wire, and with this Prof. Barrett says he has been able to converse at a distance of about 100 yards.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
Cicero.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

T.

[CONTINUED.]

"THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ABROAD."

A writer, in a sketch of Lord Brougham thus gives the origin of this popular phrase: "No orator of our times is more successful in embalming phrases full of meaning, in the popular memory. The well known talismanic sentiment, 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' is an instance. In a speech on the elevation of Wellington, a mere 'military chieftian,' to the premiership, after the death of Canning, Brougham said, 'Fieldmarshal, the Duke of Wellington, may take the army—he may take the navy—he may take the great seal—he may take the mitre, I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that 'the soldier was abroad.' It will not be so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a personage less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.'"

THIEVES VINEGAR.

Originated with four thieves in London during the plague of 1666. It was nothing more than common vinegar carried about them in sponges prepared for that purpose. The reckless conduct of these men and their total disregard of danger, aided probably by the vinegar, kept the disease away, and firmly believing in its efficacy, their depredations were carried on to some extent throughout the ill fated city.

THISTLE, HOW IT SAVED SCOTLAND—ORIGIN OF.

When the Danes invaded Scotland, they availed themselves of the pitch darkness of night to attack the Scottish forces unawares. In approaching the Scottish forces unobserved, and marching barefooted to prevent their tramp being heard, one of the Danes trod upon a large prickly thistle, and the sharp cry of pain which he distinctly uttered suddenly apprised the Scots of their danger, who immediately ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was thenceforward adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.

THE THREE GILT BALLS.

The three gilt balls prefixed to the doors and windows of pawn-brokers' shops, by the vulgar humorously enough said to indicate that it is two to one the things pledged are never redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of merchants from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money on pledges. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard street, in London, and also gave their name to another at Paris.

The appellation of Lombard was formerly, all over Europe, considered as synonymous to that of usurer.

'TIS BUT A FLEA-BITE.

"Any trifling wound or pain, anything minute or trifling."

—Richardson.

"You have heard a whole court role of ribaudrie, and yet all these are but *flea-bitings* in respect and comparison of that, which I shall now shew you."

—Wilson.

TITLES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Formerly titles were more numerous, and more unmeaning with us than they are at present. Still, we have some among us to keep alive, as it were, the remembrance of what titles were before the revolution. For instance, we have such as "Excellency," "Honorable," Esquire," and in the military way almost every third person we meet is either a Colonel or a General. The titles, however, with us are both significant and appropriate. With us, honor makes a great part of the reward of all honorable professions. Worth, not title, makes the man.

TOAD EATER—DERIVATION OF.

This expression is used towards a man in a most degraded state—eating the bread of dependence by the most degrading sacrifices. The old Saxon phrase was *er dood hiet er*, viz: *hiet*, he should call; *er dood*, upon death; *er*, ever.

TODDY.

The origin of this popular name for a drink is not, as many suppose, from a peculiar mixture of spirits, water, and other ingredients, but from a tree. The following quotations, from popular authors, will explain it more clearly than we can:

"The toddy tree is not unlike the date or palm."—Sir T. Herbert's Travels.

"Beside the liquor or water in the fruit (cocoa-nut) there is also a sort of wine drawn from the tree called toddy, which looks like whey."—Dampier's Voyages.

"A kind of wine, called toddy, is procured from the tree (fan-palm) by cutting the buds which are to produce flowers, soon after their appearance, and tying under them small buckets, made of leaves, which are so close as to hold liquids without leaking."—Cook's First Voyage.

TO RETURN TO OUR MUTTON.

—Francis Rabelais, 1483.

TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

This phrase has reference to the custom at Dunmow, in Essex, of giving a flitch of bacon to any married couple residing in the parish, who live in harmony for a year and a day. A man and wife who stopped short when on the verge of a quarrel, might be said to have "just saved their bacon." Hence the phrase.

TO WRITE LIKE AN ANGEL.

This is a proverbial expression, often thought to have originated in some fancied excellence of celestial authorship, just as Thomas Aquinas is called "Angelic Doctor." But the phrase, in point of fact, is derived from the beauty of penmanship of one Ange Vergece, a famous writing master of the sixteenth century. He furnished the model for the celebrated font of Greek type, for the press of Francis I., and was attached to the Royal College of France in rather the unique capacity of "*Ecrivian du Roy en Lettres Grecques.*" Garrick therefore mistook the meaning of the proverb, when he spoke of Goldsmith as one "one who wrote like an angel, but talked like Poor Poll;" as it was not a question of penmanship. The French use the same expression, "*Ecrire comme un Ange.*" This phrase gave rise to others of a similar character, such as "She talks like an Angel," "Reads Like an Angel," and if a lover wishes to be complimentary, speaks of a lady "looking like an Angel."

TO WEAR THE BREECHES.

This phrase, we think, originated with the French, and bears date 1450.

"*Et sachez qu'il est avenu a aucuns que l'en leur faisoit boire de mauvais breuez affins de porter les braies ou pour autres choses pires.*"—*Les Quinze Joyes de Marriage, La Dixieme Joye.*

It is also used by the Germans, "*Sie hat die hosen*"—she has the breeches. Speaking of a woman who rules her husband.

TOO THIN.

This phrase is generally regarded as slang; it has, however, high authority. In act v, scene 2, of Henry VIII, the monarch in alluding to the fulsome adulation of the Bishop of Winchester, says:

"You were ever good at sudden commendation—
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are *too thin* and bare to hide offences."

TOO MUCH PORK FOR A SHILLING.

The only plausible origin we have of this phrase is that given by an Illinois correspondent who says: "It had its origin in the experiences of one, who, for a quarter of a century, has been one of our best known literary celebrities. It came into existence in this wise: The gentleman in question then a youth of twelve or fourteen, was a home-pupil of Rev. Dr. M——, of C——, New Hampshire. On the 4th of July, the festivities of the day were to consist of the fish caught by the party on the Merrimack, with a dinner in a grove on the river's bank. The dinner was pre-ordained to consist of the fish caught by the party, fried with slices of salt pork, coupled with a suitable addendum of punch, the popular beverage of the times. The flashing of the day, as might have been expected, was not over-successful, and the prandial honors were done with the pork and punch. When our young participant in the feast thus abridged reached the door of his worthy preceptor, he was decidedly the worse for something, as was manifest from his gait and utterance. 'Why, N——,' exclaimed the astonished doctor, 'how could you get so excited?' 'It was the pork—the pork, sir—taken on an empty stomach.' 'But, N——,' continued the dominie, alarmed on another score, 'have you spent all your pocket-money?' 'Oh! no, sir, I only spent a shilling; but—but, sir, there was too much pork for a shilling.' You can learn at fillewild, above you on the Hudson,

'Whether or no
These tidings be so.'
I pronounce it to be 'founded.'"

TOPSY-TURVY.

When things are in confusion, they are said to be turned "topsy-turvy." The expression is derived from the way in which turf for fuel is placed to dry on its being cut; the surface of the ground is pared off with the heath growing on it, and the heath is turned downward, and left some days in that state, that the earth may get dry before it is carried away. It means then, top-side-turf-way. —Gent. Mag. vol. 53, p. 228.

TRADE WINDS—ORIGIN OF.

The causes of the trade-winds are thus explained. A number of natural agencies are at work to disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere, and to give rise to aerial currents; among them the most important is the difference of temperature in different parts of the earth. The air of the tropics, constantly heated by the rays of our almost perpendicular sun, is rendered lighter, and is pushed upward by the heavier air north and south of this region. A current in this direction from each pole is thus produced at the surface of the earth, while an opposite current toward each pole is generated by the rarified air which rises above the heated belt, and flows backward like water seeking its equilibrium. These currents, on account of the rotation of the earth, are not along the meridian, but those at the surface take a westerly direction, while those above flow in an easterly course.

TRAGEDY.

"Tragedy is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of proper magnitude, by language embellished and rendered pleasurable, but by different means by different parts—in the way, not of a narration, but of action, effecting, through pity and terror, the correction and refinement of such passions."—[Twining's Treatise on Poetry.

Tragedy owes its origin to the festivals and games of the Greeks, and in time became the most prominent in the list of amusements.

In all countries where the worship of Bacchus prevailed, it was strongly tinctured by that spirit of licentiousness and sensuality, which more or less disgraced the rites of paganism, and in this respect the refined Greeks differed but little from neighboring and less polished nations. The sacrifice of a goat to Bacchus, which formed a part of the ceremonial, is said to have given rise to theatrical exhibitions, and of tragedy, the word tragedy being derived from a Greek word, implying "The Song of the Goat."

The song and chorus which followed the sacrifice of a goat to Bacchus, soon led to a higher order of entertainment, which laid the basis of the drama. Tragedy was first acted at Athens, in a wagon, 535 years before Christ, by Thespis, in whose time tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who introduced an actor between every two songs. The origin of the drama, which of course embraces every production intended for stage representation, is thus given, which accounts for the goat's connection with the origin of tragedy.

It appears that Bacchus having discovered the art of making wine imparted the secret to Icarius, of Attica, who, finding a goat in his vineyard eating his grapes, sacrificed it in the presence of his neighbors, at which they were greatly pleased, and commenced dancing and singing, and ever afterward, during the same period of the year, they performed the ritual, and called it "tragedy," that is "The Song of the Goat."

TURNCOAT.

This opprobrious term of turncoat took its rise from one of the first dukes of Savoy. His dominions, lying open to the incursions of the two contending houses of Spain and France, he was obliged to temporize, and fall in with that power that was most likely to distress him, according to the success of their arms against one another. So, being frequently obliged to change sides, he humorously got a coat that was *blue* on one side, and *white* on the other, and might be indifferently worn either side out. While in the Spanish interest he wore the blue side out, and the white side was the badge for the French. From hence he was called Emmanuel, surnamed the Turncoat, by way of distinguishing him from other princes of the same name of that house.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The saying, "Turning the tables upon him," is, according to Coleman, in his "Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges" of England, rather ancient. His explanation of its origin is this: "One of the hobbies in which the ancient luxurious Romans indulged (as the old-china mania was not then invented) was the acquisition, at enormous prices, of tables made from very rare and curious specimens of maple wood. Their wives also happened to have another costly taste for dresses, jewelry, and the like vanities, which their lords, oblivious of their own rather expensive little fancies, considered were needless extravagances, and sometimes ventured to hint as much; when the ladies, roused by this injustice, would, in their turn, point to the sumptuous maple table, with an allusion to its ruinous price; and this was called 'turning the tables' on their husbands; hence the phrase used to this day for a similar kind of retort."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Youth and Beauty.

Is the envy of every lady and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

LINES TO A TEACUP.

Dear little teacup,
Oh! my rare wee cup.
Work of Celestials! you must be divine;
Tea no one drank in
Porcelain of Nankin
So fit to rank in
Richer ceramic collections than mine.

These curious blue marks,
Not sham, but true marks,
Prove you are nearly five centuries old:
In your young beauty
Perhaps you did brew tea
For the King Chity,
Robed, like the sun, in a mantle of gold.

Where is the charmer?
Who would dare harm her,
She who ruled over the ruler of men
But in the places
Which knew her graces
She left no traces,
They have forgotten their fair denizen.

She was not brittle,
Frail perhaps a little,
Why is she missing, and you here to-day?
Say by what token
You are unbroken?
Patent to no ken
Is the distinction, for both are of clay.

The Jealous Wife.

Mrs. Noble sat in what she called her morning-room, sewing, and her three companions were her three children, Harry, Lilly, and Freddy—not that she wanted any other companions, for she had an idea that these three were the principal inhabitants of the globe. She used to be a good deal in love with her husband some years before, and though not even her enemies could accuse her of being anything less than an affectionate and devoted wife, it is to be feared that her ideas of the head of the family had resolved themselves into the one all-important fact, that he was simply the "children's papa."

Now George Noble himself was a simple-hearted, loving, easy-going husband; and if the thought sometimes obtruded itself with provoking persistence into his mind that he played second fiddle to a mortifying extent in his own house ever since the arrival of the babies, he was much too good a father to give the idea room in his heart.

He wished that Flora could give him a little more personal attention at times; he would like to take her to the theatre or a concert sometimes—to both of which he liked to go himself—now and then; or, failing that species of entertainment, he would even have been grateful if she could have found time to read to him an hour or two in the evening as she used to do, or listen while he read.

But Flora was too busy or preoccupied, or Lilly's dress had to be finished.

Harry wanted embroidered collars, or Freddy had a new tooth coming, and was cross, poor darling!

George, who was in a profitable business, and had plenty of money, suggested nurses and seamstresses; but Flora tossed her head, and informed him, with some indignation, that only a mother could properly tend and sew for her own children.

George accepted the rebuke meekly, and acknowledged that it would be unreasonable to find fault with a mother for too great devotion to her duties.

In this way George got into the habit of taking his amusements alone; and although invitations still came addressed as a matter of form to Mr. and Mrs. Noble, it was quite understood that Flora's home duties prevented her from going into society, and George soon ceased to press the matter.

When invitations came that he wished to accept, he dressed and went out, and Flora seldom cared enough to ask how he had spent his evening.

Matters were like this and had been for several years, when Flora was first introduced to your notice.

As she sat at work in the morning-room—though why it was called "morning-room" would have been hard to explain, for its owner might have been found in it morning, noon and evening, and, sometimes, even at midnight—she and her children made a nice domestic picture.

Ellen came to the door and announced—

"Mrs. Williamson, 'who begged Mrs. Noble wouldn't stand on ceremony with her.'"

Mrs. Noble wished, in an undertone, "that people would stay at home, and leave her in peace to attend to her household."

Then turning to Ellen, she told her to show the lady into the morning-room.

Mrs. Williamson came in, rustling in a charming toilet.

She was young and pretty, too, and for some reason Mrs. Noble felt provoked when she saw her.

It would have been difficult to say why, for she was much prettier herself, had she cared to take any trouble to evince the fact; and it could scarcely have been because of her pretty dress, for Mrs. Noble professed to despise dress.

Mrs. Williamson talked of every subject under the sun, except babies.

Of them she did not speak because she had none, and was absolutely ignorant of the subject.

If she had had a single word to say about it, she would certainly have said it.

Just as she rose to go, she said, with unexpected suddenness—

"You know we have a great belle this season—even you must have heard of her, although you never go out, because Mr. Noble is her most devoted admirer."

Mrs. Noble's heart gave a bound as though an electric machine were somewhere near, and had charged right into it.

The color flamed up in her cheeks, and she answered—

"No, she had not heard of the young lady—who was she?"

"Not a young lady at all—a widow—Mrs St. Albans. How funny that Mr. Noble had never mentioned her—he was such an admirer; really, if it were her husband," etc, etc., etc.

Mrs. Noble scarcely heard her, and answered her adieux in a very distracted manner.

Her heart was on fire.

George, the ardent admirer of another woman—George, her George, devoting himself to a rival, while she spent her life taking care of his house and rearing his children—never going to party, theatre, opera, anywhere—but for years making a domestic drudge of herself.

She didn't reflect how much she was to blame that it was so, and how George had striven, years ago, to prevent her from absorbing herself in household affairs that he would gladly have hired servants to attend to.

No; her first and only thought was to see this syren who was stealing her husband from her, and to win him back to his lawful allegiance.

Harry, observing his mother's abstraction, got up a lively quarrel with Lilly and tumbled her hair, while Freddy got at the water in the marble basin, dabbled his hands in it, and wetted his best new embroidered dress.

Mamma neither saw nor heeded,

She was going over in her mind the list of her party dresses, which were all old-fashioned, and deciding that she must have some new ones.

Freddy tumbled off a chair, and was left for Ellen, who chanced to come in just then, to pick up and console.

The children began to think the world was coming to an end; and when Ellen and cook retired to rest that night, the former confided to the dignitary of the kitchen that "she was sure something awful had happened to missus," because when she told her that Miss Lilly had gone to bed with a headache, and Master Freddy was hoarse from dabbling in the water, she had just said—

"Oh, nonsense! there's nothing the matter with them."

On the next day, however, Mrs. Noble was so far returned to herself as to show the usual care of and for her offspring.

At the same time, she contrived to keep a pretty sharp look-out on her husband.

She questioned him with considerable skill about Mrs. St. Albans, and managed to make him talk of her.

She thought he seemed confused, and he certainly showed more enthusiasm in regard to the lady's appearance than was at all necessary.

It was enough.

Flora was furiously jealous.

In the course of the week, two cards of invitation came to the Nobles.

"Are you going out to-morrow night, George?" Flora asked, with more carelessness than she felt.

"Oh, yes, I think I'll drop into Spriggin's for an hour or two," was the unsuspecting answer.

Mrs. Noble only observed that he did not ask her to go with him.

With a bitter smile she thought—

"Oh, of course—she is to be there."

She said nothing, but she resolved to attend the Spriggin's party.

Mrs. Spriggin was an old friend, and it would not look so strange to go there alone, for she had no intention of going with George.

She was not long behind him, however. She just waited to see the children tucked into bed and fast asleep, and for the first time in five years she attired herself in evening dress, and smiled to see that the glass did not reflect the figure of a dowdy.

George Noble was, indeed, somewhat interested in Mrs. St. Albans, but the interest was of a very superficial character, although ill-natured people had made remarks about it.

She was lively and bright, and seemed to like him.

She listened with wrapt attention when he spoke.

She bestowed on him long and tender glances from her great dark eyes.

She spoke to him in low, sweet confidential tones.

George had for so long felt himself a nonentity in his own house, that his masculine vanity was touched to find that other women found him interesting, even though his wife seemed no longer to think so.

He was grateful to Mrs. St. Albans for making him feel himself of some consequence, and he showed his gratitude by admiration.

Flora watched this little play, and her heart ached sorely—she had, she feared, lost her husband by allowing him to go constantly into society alone. At last she blamed herself, and her self-reproaches were truly most bitter.

George had just resigned Mrs. St. Albans to a partner who claimed her, and stood watching her slender, sylph-like form whirling through the dance.

Flora was watching her too—not without a sort of reluctant admiration—although she said to herself:

"She isn't pretty a bit. She has only eyes and a graceful figure, without an ounce of flesh on it."

Tears sprang to her eyes, but she held them back bravely.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" was presently asked in George's hearing; "that one who never takes her eyes off Mrs. St. Albans. She can't be jealous. She's a hundred times handsomer."

The question passed round to several people before it was answered.

At last a lady replied:

"Oh, that is Mrs. Noble—George Noble's wife."

"Noble's wife? Is it possible? Why, she's a perfect beauty. What can he see in that little black-eyed widow, when he has such a wife of his own?"

George's ears tingled.

His face flushed.

He moved away, and looked around for his wife.

It was some time before he recognized her, and then—could that be Flora?

That regal-looking woman, in black velvet, with neck and arms of snow, and dusky hair piled up like a crown on the top of her fine head.

Her face was as fresh as a rose, her cheek as round as a peach.

She looked like a girl alongside of women nearly her own age, but who were worn, sallow, and hollow-eyed with fashionable revelry.

George made his way to her side as quickly as he could move.

"You here, darling?" he said. "I am amazed—I thought you hated such gatherings."

"Well, in a general way I do; but I think it is right to go out occasionally, just to see how the world turns round."

"Well, you see it is turning round here quite lively. Will you favor me with a waltz? I shall esteem it an honor."

"But a wife musn't dance with her own husband."

"She certainly musn't waltz with anyone else, when she's my wife. And then, you know, no one will recognize you."

As he clasped her waist, and supported her to the lovely music of Strauss' waltzes, George whispered:

"I am so glad you came, darling. You are by all odds the handsomest woman in the room."

"Do you really think so?" said Flora, delighted.

"I know so—I'll challenge any man that doubts it."

George was so devoted, that half-a-dozen persons accused him of carrying on a desperate flirtation with his own wife.

He positively forgot Mrs. St. Albans' existence, and committed a dreadful breach of etiquette by taking Flora to supper.

Mrs. Noble found that she could still enjoy a party, and even a round dance, without necessarily neglecting her children or loving them less, and she speedily decided to accompany George in future when he went into society for amusement, as well as to offer him so much home entertainment that he would willingly stay there.

When they bade their hostess good night, Flora and George went home in the same carriage; and if he did pinch her round arms and kiss her snowy shoulder, surely it was nobody's business.

He felt once more that she belonged to him, and from that hour there was not two more happy people in the world—two who lived more for each other, and studied each other's happiness, than George and Flora Noble.

My Friend's Husband.

My friend, Mrs. Gedder, is the wife a retired naval officer. Why in the world his family selected that profession for him in his youth, I have always been at a loss to imagine, for never had any one less of the jolly tar, or more of the fidget in his composition. Nothing is so trifling as to be below his notice, or of too small consequence to be worthy of a long debate or prosy discussion. If on a visit at his house, the first person you encounter on descending of a morning is always Mr. Gedder. He is occupied in what he calls making a good fire, with which laudable end in view he sits, tongs in hand, inserting small scraps of coal into every available aperture of the bars, varying this process in a pleasing manner by every five minutes seizing the poker and stirring them all out again before they have had the slightest chance of becoming ignited.

"Good morning, Miss Smith!" he exclaims, with a dig of the poker; "there's nothing so cheering as a good fire, I think; don't you think so? Servants never do make a good fire unless it happens to be a very warm morning." Dig goes the poker again, and little is left in the grate save ashes and smoke. "Ah! here comes the kettle. Now, Mary, does it *boil?* You know how particular I am that it should *boil*. Here, set it on the fire, and let me see for myself." Mary places her bright copper kettle on the smoky mass with a rueful countenance. "There now," says Mr. Gedder, "I thought it did not boil. My dear (to his wife who enters), you must speak to Mary—you really *must;* the kettle does not boil this morning."

"My dear Charles, how can you expect such a thing of it? It would freeze as soon on that fire."

"It is a very good fire, Eliza, allow me to say; though, had I not myself attended to it, it would have been out, depend upon it."

During the whole breakfast you are regaled with the same subject, intermingled with remarks relative to Margaret's teeth not being properly brushed, Jane's shoulders growing more daily elevated, and little Alfred's hair never lying smooth—it having, in fact, an obstinate tendency to curl.

After breakfast Mrs. Gedder and I are severely cross-questioned as to what we intend doing all day; we cannot exactly say—should not like to commit ourselves for a whole day. After much useless talk, the matter is brought within the compass of an hour. Well, we are going to work. "Then Mr. G. will read the paper," behind which he forthwith ensconses himself. Think not, however, he is absorbed in the news—far from it; he has but, as it were, snugly established himself in a sort of watch-box, and is lying in wait, ready at any moment to pounce upon and worry whatever topic you may choose for conversation, or to sally forth and make war on that most unfortunate fire, despite his wife's entreaties to let it alone and allow it to burn up. You speak of your work; he comes to examine, find fault, or approve, as the case may be. You discuss a pattern; he must see it, and give an opinion, or suggest an improvement. You talk of dress—you wish one made, and ask advice of Mrs. Gedder; but receive it gratis from Mr. G. He wishes to know what is for dinner; his wife evades the question; he persists, and on hearing, knocks off your favorite dish, (maccaroni and cheese) as "unwholesome; a thing the children may not, eat, and therefore ought not to see," which leads to an animated debate as to whether it is not better to inculcate self-denial by allowing children to see what they may not have. You are to initiate Mrs. Gedder into the mysteries of some peculiarly excellent cakes that require unheard-of skill in the compounding; for which purpose you retire to the store-room, tuck up your sleeves, and are soon immersed in sweets. Thither also adjourns Mr. Gedder to see what you are doing; and the questions he asks of "why do you do this?" and "why you don't do that?" which "he should think a much better plan," mingled with exclamations of "now really!" "that is an extraordinary combination;" "will it be nice?" etc., etc., nearly drive you out of your wits; while you feel a horrid temptation to lay hands on a flour-bag you perceive hard by, and dust it well about his ears.

Having, in the teeth of his interference, put the finishing stroke to your cookery you hint at a walk. Mr. Gedder says he was thinking of going out; whereupon you suddenly discover you have a slight cold, and had better take care of yourself, perhaps hoping for a good fire and a pleasant tete-a-tete with your friend when her spouse is gone.

You wait and wait. He has risen and is gazing from the window, drumming "Oh, Susannah!" on the frame. It happens to be your name, and you wish he would go to Alabama, feeling he need be under no apprehension of your shedding tears at his departure. You draw forth your watch and remark casually that it is twelve o'clock; you did not think it had been so late (a terrible fib, by-the-by, for you both hoped and believed it was at least an hour later).

Twelve is it?—then we must go;" and he walks toward the door, but returns; for it is one of the characteristics of his class to be always the going man. It takes as long to get one of them fairly off the premises as to get a large vessel under weigh. He has discovered a hole in his glove the size of a pin's head; it must be repaired; and you cheerfully offer your services, thinking thereby to facilitate his departure. Having accomplished your task, you feel delighted to see him put on the gloves, and make once more for the door.

Do not allow your spirits to attain too high a level; he has turned the handle, but at that moment he is attracted by some one passing the window; retraces his steps to make out who it is, and another five minutes is gone in conjectures whether it can be Smith out again—to which is appended a history of Smith's accident, and consequent long confinement to the house.

"One struggle more," and you believe yourself free. He has left the room. Be not deceived; he has but got as far as the hat stand, and comes back, bearing his hat and great-coat, which he informs you he purposes putting on by the fire. And oh! the interminable time it requires to do so! The coat is examined; you have the history of when, where and of whom it was purchased; every morsel of anything like dust is deliberately stroked off. The hat is polished again and again, until you tremble for the nap, and find yourself indulging in a calculation as to how much per annum Mr. Gedder's hats may stand him at that rate.

At length his toilette is completed, and this time he actually reaches the front door. He is not gone, however; back he comes to inform his wife the lock wants oil, and there are some finger-marks on the paint. His next attempt takes him to the garden gate. Is it possible? Yes; here he is again; there are heavy clouds he tells you; he dreads rain, and must have an umbrella; he just puts his head in to give you this information, and it is all you can do to restrain yourself from rushing at him, seizing him by the shoulders, putting him outside his own door, and turning the key upon him! You sit for ten minutes after he has disappeared, expecting a fresh return; trying to calm yourself and be resigned should such be the case. At the end of a quarter of an hour you breathe freely, and then have such a charming chat with Mrs. Gedder, you almost forget she is no longer Eliza Dibb, and that there is a miserable man called Gedder in existence.

THE PLANET MARS.

Of the planet Mars Prof. Proctor says:—I fear my own conclusion about Mars is that his present condition is very desolate. I look on the ruddiness of tint to which I have referred as one of the signs that the planet of war has long since passed its prime. There are lands and seas in Mars, the vapor of water is present in his air, clouds form, rains and snows fall upon his surface, and doubtless brooks and rivers irrigate his soil, and carry down the moisture collected on his wide continents to the seas from whence the clouds had originally been formed. But I do not think there is much vegetation on Mars, or that many living creatures of the higher types of Martian life as it once existed, still remain.

All that is known about the planet tends to show that the time when it attained that stage of planetary existence through which our earth is now passing must be set millions of years, perhaps hundreds of millions of years ago. He has not yet, indeed, reached that airless and waterless condition, that extremity of internal cold, or in fact that utter unfitness to support any kind of life, which would seem to prevail in the moon. The planet of war in some respects resembles a desolate battlefield, and I fancy that there is not a single region of the earth now inhabited by man which is not infinitely more comfortable as an abode of life than the most favored regions of Mars at the present time would be for creatures like ourselves.

INDIAN ARCHERY.—Indian archery is somewhat different from that practiced by the young ladies and gentlemen of more civilized society. These latter take the arrow between their fingers, place it against the bow-string, and make it assist in bending the bow. An Indian does not do this. He takes the arrow between the thumb and index finger, and pulls the bow-string with his middle finger; nor does he raise his arrow as our boys and girls do; he shoots straight out from the shoulder, and appears to take no aim whatever. He hits the man, though, too often, as the soldiers about the garrison can tell, who have flung their caps or hats into the air, at some Indian's suggestion, only to have them pierced by the unerring arrow. The growing papooses, that is as soon as these are able to toddle, are furnished with bows and arrows, of which the points have been sharpened, and may be seen about the reservations shooting at marks, at small birds, or anything else that may happen to attract their attention. They generally become expert at the age of about ten or twelve, but are not allowed to graduate into buck-age until they are sixteen or eighteen. Then is the time the real pleasure of the Indian is found to culminate in his first hunt after buffalo.

TRYING TO FOOL THE HANGMAN.—In 1787 a fellow named Kelly was sentenced to execution at Trim, in Ireland. On the early morning of the day intended to be his last, he contrived to cut his blanket into strips about four inches wide, join them together with strong woolen threads and form a double sling. This he passed under his hams, fastened the ends at his neck, and there provided an iron hook to receive the halter. Thus accoutred he proceeded to the place of execution. It is supposed that he had found means to bribe the hangman, to whom he made a request to draw him up close to the pulley, and lower him gently when dead. But the crafty manœuvre did not succeed. Kelly had not allowed for the stretching of the strips of blanket by his own weight, the point of the hook fastened into his windpipe and gave him so much pain that he struggled violently. He was, however, allowed to hang until really dead, when his sling apparatus was discovered.

THE LONDON DUSTMAN.—A writer in St Nicholas says: There are more than 300,000 inhabited houses in London, consuming more than 3,500,000 tons of coal a year, and besides the ashes from this great quantity of fuel, the dust man gathers the other refuse of the houses. He is employed by a contractor, who agrees with the corporation to remove the ashes, etc., out of the city, and the contractor divides every load into six parts, as follows: Soil, or fine dust, which is sold to brick-makers for making bricks and to farmers for manure; brieze, or cinders, sold to brick-makers for burning brick; rags, bones and old metals, sold to marine-store dealers; old tin and iron vessels, sold to trunk-makers for clamps; bricks, oyster and other shells, sold for foundation and road-building; and old boots and shoes, sold to the manufacturers of Prussian blue.

FLINT ONCE SPONGE.—Once the sponge grew at the bottom of the sea, as others sponges grow now; but that was ages and ages ago, and since then the sponge, turned to flint, has lain covered by rocks and earth of many kinds piled thick above it. Seen with a microscope, flint shows the make of sponge in its fibers; and sometimes you can see, bedded in it, the shells of the tiny creatures on which the sponge had fed. Now and then, inside a flint, will be found bits of the sponge not yet changed.

THE LENGTH OF DAYS.—At London and Bremen the longest day has sixteen hours; at Stockholm (Sweden), and Dantzig (Prussia), the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven hours; at St. Petersburg (Russia), and Tobolsk (Siberia), the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours; at Wardnuys (Norway), the day lasts from May 21st to July 25th without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

USE not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

FEMININITIES.

The ship, upon which a lady likes best to embark on the sea of enjoyment, is courtship.

A beau dismissed by a belle, and an arrow dismissed by a bow, are apt to be off in a hurry.

On the theory of the survival of the fittest, the tailor and the dressmaker ought ere long to possess on earth.

In ancient times there were but "three Graces;" in these days every lady thinks she has at least three times that number.

Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen? "It is," answered Moliere, "because it is more more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

It is the part of a woman, like her own beautiful planet, to cheer the darkness—to be both the morning and evening star of man's life. The light of her eye is the first to rise, and the last to set, upon manhood's day of trial and suffering.

There is a new sect among the Russians. They call themselves "The Purifiers," and one of their leading tenets, is that the husband must in all cases be subordinate to the wife, and with sweet resignation yield his masculine will to the legitimate head of the family.

"I shall die happy," said an expiring husband to his wife, who was weeping most dutifully at his bedside, "if you will promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy my love, I am engaged to his brother Bill."

Lady Falmouth, an English gentlewoman, had arrived at so extreme a degree of sensibility, that seeing a man go by with a mutilated wheelbarrow, she cried out to her companion, "Do turn it aside; it distresses me above measure to see that poor unfortunate wheelbarrow with one leg."

We know a young lady too proud to wear overshoes in wet weather because they made her feet "look bungling." Afterwards there was a funeral, and a workman in marble prepared a beautiful and highly ornamented tombstone to place on her grave. Thin soles send many a soul into the "unknown land" years in advance of the fulfillment of God's providence as regards human life.

At a revival the clergyman asked those who wanted to be prayed for, to stand up. Quite a number rose to their feet, and after the services were closed one lady was heard asking another at the door: "Why don't you stand up? I wouldn't have missed the opportunity for anything." "Opportunity for what?" "Why, for standing up there and showing of your seal skin sacque! There wasn't another in the whole church!"

The manager of a provincial theatre was, many years ago, much annoyed by complaints concerning the aggravating height of feminine hats in his audiences. He made no boisterous observations, he gave no stern orders; not he. He merely printed in large letters on his play-bills this master-piece of genius: "The manager begs that all good-looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of the rest of the audience. The aged, the bald, and the plain, are not expected to comply with this request." From that auspicious night the soaring bonnet and the mountainous hats were invisible at that wise man's theatre.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

JUST praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

GENUINE politeness is the first-born offspring of generosity and modesty.

IF the clock of the tongue be not set by the dial of the heart, it will not go right.

IF a man cannot readily recognize merit, it is very certain that he has none himself.

BETTER to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.

A MAN who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

IT may be far less respectable to be able to wear fine clothes, than to be able to make them.

IF you would get rid of your associates, lend money to the poor ones, and borrow of the rich ones.

POVERTY wouldn't be so much of a misfortune if the world didn't treat it so much as a crime.

FIERY disputants seem to mistrust their cause or their wit by fleeing for assistance to clamor and passion.

THE old should be indulgent; they see no faults in others that they have not committed themselves.

THE errors of the good are often very difficult to eradicate, from being founded on mistaken views of duty.

LET others apologize for us; if we can find an excuse for our conduct we might have found a way to act differently.

INVECTIVES and personality prove nothing, on either side, but a lamentable want of good taste and good argument.

RESERVE is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature.

OF all others, a studious life is the least tiresome; it makes us easy to ourselves and to others, and gains us both friends and reputation.

WHEN any temptation desires to speak with you, let the answer be ready, that there is other company within, and that you cannot attend it.

LAY it down as a rule never to smile, nor in any way show approval, at any trait in a child which you would not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.

DON'T send for an adviser with the mere view of being confirmed in your own opinion. You might as well send for a doctor, and prescribe to him what medicines he ought to order.

IT is a just saying of an old writer, that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility; and, we may add, that there is oftentimes nothing better between the two.

IT is in general the natural refuge of mortified vanity to persuade itself that it retorts contempt upon those that show it, and to pass off upon itself the anger it feels, for the more dignified passion of scorn.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed upon to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation; so neither do you wait for applauses, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good; but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

THE REVIEWER.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have published "The Story of a Mine," by Bret Harte. It is full of that charming writer's humor, power of description and character drawing and is decidedly original. It is published in a beautiful 16mo. volume, of 172 pages, bound in ornamented cloth, gilt back and red edging. Price $1.50. Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have also issued another of their artist biographies, "Rembrandt." It is a most readable book, for the life of the Dutch painter is an exceedingly interesting one. It is published uniform with the rest of the series; in a book of 162 pages, bound in stamped cloth and red edging, price, only 50 cents. Both the above works are for sale by the widely-known publishers Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

MAGAZINES.

The Monthly Reader, for School and Home is a new children's magazine published by John L. Shorey, of Boston, at the very low price of 5 cents per copy, or 50 cents a year. It is a very good little publication, full of excellent engravings and letter press, each number containing 16 pages. "Alfred and Mother," is a neat picture with a moral. "Pop Corn, Who'll Buy," is well illustrated. There is a good cut in, "It's too Hard." An object lesson on glass is a useful feature for schools. Then there is a spelling lesson in script. Altogether it is a nice little number.

The Western Agriculturist, for November, 1877, reaches us from the publisher, T. Butterworth, Quincy, Ill. This periodical is devoted to agriculture, horticulture and household reading. Subscription price, $1.10 per year.

We have received from Mr. W. B. Zieber, of this city, *The British Quarterly Review*, for January, just published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, New York. It commences the year with an unusually interesting number.

I. "The Mikado's Empire" reviews Griffis's work of the same name, and presents a brief survey of the resources, climate, people, government and religion of Japan.

II. "The Americans in Turkey" is an account of the secular results of the work of American missionaries in Turkey during the past fifty years, and of their educational establishments.

III. "Savings and Savings Banks." A history of savings banks in general, and a minute description of the working of the Post Office Savings Bank of Great Britain.

IV. "Precious Stones." Gives their relative values, and a history of those that are most celebrated.

V. "Capital and Labor." A long and comprehensive article, being an attempt to give an impartial statement of the principles and facts on both sides.

VI. "Comprehension." A discussion of the vital problem of doctrinal comprehension, especially in connection with Congregationalism.

VII. "Parody and Parodists." A lively article, quoting freely from Calverley and other recent parodists.

VIII. "Professor Henry Rogers."

The number concludes, as usual, with many short notices of the principal recent publications in all departments of literature.

THE LEGEND OF A CAP.—The *kapa*, which the male Montenegrin wears as his head-covering, has its legend, poetic and sanguinary. The warriors say that the red ground of the cap signifies the lake of blood into which the country has been plunged ever since the great and disastrous battle of Kossovo; that the black border denotes the veil of mourning extended over the whole section; that the golden disk shown emerging from the funeral crape, and surrounded with an aureole, is the Montenegrin sun rising on a bloody horizon, but rising to warm into new life with its generous rays a regenerate and liberated race. No warrior of that country would wear any other head-covering than this *kapa* for any consideration whatever.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

The Post has ever striven to be the BEST LITERARY PAPER IN EXISTENCE. It resorts to no falsehoods or artifices to increase its reputation, but depends solely and entirely upon INTRINSIC MERIT. It has no recourse to tricks to enlarge its circulation. It does not depend upon vile wood cuts, illustrating vile stories which are as unnatural and morbid as they are immoral and criminal. It has never sown broadcast the seeds of evil in the shape of coarse and low advertisements; vaunting itself and decorating itself with false laurels, badly executed and third-rate cuts, miserable serials which pander only to the tastes of the lowest of the low, and which tend to bring a cloud of wretchedness over the whole community.

On the other hand THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is alive and willing and earnest to be led by the wishes, desires and suggestions of its readers, to profit by them and to endeavor to make the paper THE BEST, PUREST, MOST VALUABLE AND MOST WORTHY WEEKLY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED IN AMERICA!

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Now all these merits are to be found embodied in the well-edited columns of the Post, and our most critical readers have ever endorsed its general EFFECTIVENESS, INTEREST, LIVELINESS, AND VARIETY OF TOPIC, INFORMATION AND USEFULNESS. In all and every of these respects it is *facile princeps*.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

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SHORT STORIES.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL. NEWS OF INTEREST.
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PHANTOMS. Last week Henry, Miranda and Esther were locked in! What next?

THE POST is known everywhere as the "OLD" SATURDAY EVENING POST. THE OLD, THE STAUNCH, THE TRUE, and its wisdom and merits increase and improve with its years.

HOME CULTURE. Perhaps the finest topic yet touched upon by the gifted author of this work is that of "The Objects of Woman's Higher Education," which began last week. The subject is treated in a masterly way, and should not only be read but studied.

WE think that the Ladies' Department, Fashion Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat will fully meet and answer the most exacting requirements of our lady readers in every respect. It is chatty, lively, rich in information, and is altogether a department unsurpassed of its kind.

ST. VALENTINE sends out his compliments of the season next week, and already the shop windows are blossoming with paper garlands and cupids, and the carnival disguises of love. On the 14th the Post will have seen FIFTY-SIX anniversaries of Valentine's day. Since February 14, 1822!

HEARTH-SIDE PHANTASIES.

There is a pleasure which is born of the glow of the flickering fire-light of a winter evening in the country or in the town, which is worth more than all the torrid delights of midsummer to the intellectual mind. There is a charm about books and newspapers and periodicals which makes the hearth the arena of happiness as well as of comfort, and the glory of the night is to feel that while the icy blasts of the north rave without, the reader sits in a quiescent haven within doors, wrapped in the luxury of a romance, some book from the circulating library of the village, or some bright weekly literary paper, full of interest and suggestions.

Then again, when books or papers no longer allure, there is the happy family circle,—the girls at the piano or at their work, or engaged in some game of draughts, chess, or cards, or the reading circle or the dance, any one of which is calculated to make mortals wish for the arctic night of half a year, so that its pleasures may be proportionately lengthened. There are prime delights in the country on winter evenings, especially when the crisp snow is made the medium of an intercommunication between farm-houses, and every sleigh in the neighborhood is pressed into the service. Then there are gay times on the road under the soft moonlight, and within doors where the merrymakers partake of good cheer, and where the roaring of the huge fire on the hearth is a most fit accompaniment to the songs, prattle, and laughter of lovers and friends.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN a Nevada theatre lately, they managed to make an effective "snow-scene" in the "Two Orphans" by taking off the stage roof during a snow-storm!

—

SINCE there's a pretty girl in New Haven, Miss Josie Fowler, who can hit the bull's eye at a thousand yards, all the eligible young men in the place wear bullet proof armor when they go courting o' nights, but notwithstanding this fact, the undertakers and sextons are gleeful over the prospect of "brisk times" in the near future.

—

"HE died of bad cookery" might be written upon more than one tombstone. It is a lamentable fact that as long as our beef steaks continue to be fried in fat and water, and our eccentric cookery of all the native vegetables and meats continues to be the fashion, dyspepsia must rule a grim monarch and hold the key to the realms of Ebils.

—

THE Fourteenth of February is Saint Valentine's Day, we believe, although we haven't a calendar handy. This is the day when a great many missives are sent secretly, and a great deal of pasquinade takes the form of correspondence, and uncouth caricature usurps the domain of propriety. If one must send a valentine, let it be directed to the suffering poor and take the shape of a greenback.

—

A MR. THOMAS BARRETT, of the American whaling bark, "A. Houghton," has arrived in New York, with an actual trace of the lost Sir John Franklin in the shape of a silver spoon bearing his coat of arms. This relic was obtained from an Esquimaux at Whale Point, Hudson's Bay. It is hardly possible that Franklin penetrated farther North than this point, though it may be true that expeditions were sent by him nearer the pole.

—

THE reproduction of good pictures by means of wood-cuts, oleographs and lithographs, has tended to inculcate an art-sense among us, which some years ago would hardly have been thought possible. We see no longer in the art sales of pictures such miserable trash which not long ago found its way into stellers and made its obnoxious presence felt throughout the neighborhood. To-day, when a man buys a painting, he generally knows what he is buying, and he also knows that it is better, if his means are limited, to have a good oleograph or wood-cut copy of a fine picture than a real oil painting of inferior merit.

—

THERE is too much technical literature afloat. Scholars who write for the people confer no benefit upon their readers by merely exhibiting their scholarship. Such works are of no benefit to any except scholars, who alone can comprehend them. The world craves new thought and new methods of teaching, and an author who writes upon a topic of interest, say upon theology, history, or science, and who only addresses his own educated circle, of course reaches nobody whose circumstances have placed him outside such a circle, and therefore his book serves no useful purpose. An audience has to be written down to very often, and especially in the present epoch of common sense, when straight-forward methods, pure Saxon, and clear original ideas are ever to be recognized.

—

ACCORDING to the London *Lancet* one person out of every hundred is annually buried alive. This is a fearful proportion, small as it may seem, and wisdom and science ought to be able to discover some certain test of death. The French scientists not long ago offered a prize for the best method of determining when life was totally extinct, but the result of the competition was not entirely satisfactory. A spark of life may remain in the body and yet remain undetected. The modern application of ice to the corpse one would think would be sufficient to extinguish any latent smouldering of the vital flame; but it is not always the case. There is no really positive sign of absolute extinction except from decomposition, and when putrefaction sets in it exhibits the fact by the plainest indices. As this topic is of interest to all of us, we ought not to suffer the warnings of science to go unheeded.

—

THE men who wake to find themselves famous, like Byron did once upon a time, are very few now-a-days. The fact is that a man of letters has to be very wide awake indeed to startle the world into shouting his name suddenly. This is a critical age, and no amount of brilliancy will pass without being first "weighed in the balance" of public opinion. Probably this is the reason why certain great names in literature lose their lustre after a decade and cease to be the leading stars, simply because the age outgrows them and looks forward to better things. Nobody now-a-days could write a saucy piece of rhyme in answer to a review and make himself famous. A writer in the present epoch is very much like the party who consulted Walter Scott about his productions. "Aye, Jamie," said the Wizard of the North, "ye're like the acrobat on the tight rope. If ye succeed its aye o'er and much good to you; but if ye fall, ah, man, what a fall ye'll hae sure!"

—

AMONG the subjects given out to the Yale students for prize essays was this peculiar one: "The importance in life of things not necessary." Now, a score of very suggestive articles might be written on such a topic, and yet none of them be exhaustive. The subject is a good one. Things that are "of no matter" or "no consequence" are too often important, and one frequently meddles with things which are not necessary but which are made important by the very fact of such interference with them. One of Webster's definitions of *importance* is *weight*, and we poor mortals are always carrying weights of one kind or another that are "not necessary." Burdening ourselves with ponderous trifles and making tragedy or comedy out of them. If men only deemed important that which was necessary, trade, commerce, fashions and folly would cease to be, and we should live on the air—chameleon-like, and give up wishing as a lost art.

—

THE actor makes the scene without doubt, and not the scene the actor. We have been at times irate at finding Macbeth in the play, or Othello, appearing in a street scene which is perfectly Flemish, and which has been shifted in to suit the requirements of the actors. But the truly great actor ignores all scenic surroundings. We look at him as a human portraying human passions, and the paint and tinsel of the background have nothing to do with us. Take Poe's "Raven." This unique and wierd poem, if recited by a master, say like the late Forrest, would be a wonderful performance, even if read in an ordinary room, and they say the elder Booth's rendition of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" was simply grand. There is so much to be left to the imagination in such portrayals that mere scenery seems out of place—a distraction and an insult. What matters it if the canvas screens are anachronisms when we see the 'wildered Lear coming in upon the stage with his mad philosophy, his immortal sorrow and sublime ragings, daring—defying and conquering even the stormy thunder and lightning of the scene—nature's elements vanquished by man's passion? There is nothing which makes the scene-painter's art appear so utterly insignificant as the acting of a true artist, and his audience is held spell-bound, not by the glitter of the scene, but by the nature of the performer.

TITLED COOKS.—Prince Talleyrand, that consummate diplomatist, whose dinners had a European reputation, did not amuse himself, it is true, with holding the handle of the frying pan, but he was accustomed to visit his larder every morning. And have we not still more august examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette delighted in making her own creams and cheese at Trianon. Who again does not know the history of the omelette at Malmaison? The Empress Josephine was amusing herself one day with her ladies of honor with the manufacture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napoleon entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrassment the Empress experienced in turning the omelette, he took the pan from her hand, saying, "I will show you how to turn an omelette; this is the bivouac fashion." And at the same moment he gave the pan that little twist so well known to all cooks; but the disobedient omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her august spouse, said to him, with a charming smile, "Your majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to turn omelettes."

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.—As life approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes—a numbness and disposition to repose which does not admit of the idea of suffering. Even in those cases where activity of mind remains to the last, and where nervous sensibility would seem to continue, it is surprising how often there has been observed a happy state of feeling on the approach of death. "If I had sufficient strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated William Hunter during his last moments. Montaigne, in one of his essays, described an incident which left him so senseless he was taken up for dead. On being restored, however, he says, Methought my life hung only upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out, and took pleasure in languishing and letting it go." A gentleman who had been rescued from drowning declared that he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were being closed for ever. Yet he neither feared his fate nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation, which soothed and gratified him, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave.

INTERESTING NEWS ABOUT PETER.—In a manuscript found in the year 869, and now in the Escurial, Madrid, it is stated that "Peter (el Calvo) was chosen chief of the Apostles, and entrusted with the keys of Heaven, for the following reason: That he alone of all the Apostles, had endured in this world the punishment of Purgatory, in so far as he was married, and suffered the pains of Gehenna in having his mother-in-law live in his house. Peter was the only one of the Apostles who was bald—hence his nickname, el Calvo."

THE TORTOISE AND THE WEATHER.—Those who watch the tortoise and its habits tell us that it ranks as a meteorologist. If they bury themselves deeply so as to be entirely concealed in the autumn, a severe winter is sure to follow, and when they bury themselves lightly a mild one may be looked for.

HOME CULTURE.

XXXIII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

These are the words of Rev. Stopford Brooke, a clergyman of the Church of England. This is the way in which he handles modern London society. Would that we had some angel to stir the stagnant waters around us and make them sweet and clean. But it is not in the power of any one angel to do the work which lies only in the united power of many angels—the angels of our households. And many households have an angel in their midst, whether it be in the form of wife, mother, sister, or daughter; wherever there is one, who, in the face of the manifold discouragements of daily life, "borne down by the little carking cares that sap out love and happiness so slowly but so surely," still bears up, and by example and conversation—

—"teaches love to suffer and be pure,
That virtue conquers if it but endure,
That noblest gifts should serve the noblest ends,
That he's the richest who the most befriends;
That through life's journey, dark or bright the day,
Fate's not unkind whatever men may say,
If Goodness walks companion of their way."

It is the preacher's province to inspire women with a desire to do their share in the great work which should be and which is their mission, namely, the purification and regeneration of mankind, by living up to doctrines which, though everywhere professed, are nowhere followed. These verses from the grand poem of Whittier to "Our Master," reveal wherein we fail.

* * * O, Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is Heaven!

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Judged by such a test, who can say, "I am a Christian." Rather will not some of the teachings of barbarian philosophers put us to shame! Only by instilling into the minds of children, from their earliest years, a love of justice and truth, sympathy with their kind, reverence for all goodness, and conscientious desire to know and to do the right, can we hope to have a generation of Christian men and women, worthy of the republic which confers upon them its unsurpassed rights and privileges. Then shall we have communities accustomed to other principles than those by which our people are now influenced in the mass.

Now, as in the time of the republic of Athens, liberty and licentiousness are too often considered as synonymous terms, and the happiness of the unprincipled consists in the unpunished violation of the laws. An eloquent Athenian orator, calling the attention of his audience to the way in which the original constitution of the commonwealth was administered in the time of Solon, gave utterance to sentiments which might be spoken with equal fitness to the present state of our republic, when comparing it with the time of Washington.

In those times, the equal distribution of justice which prevailed, brought adequate punishment upon those who deserved it, and conferred the due honors upon such as had earned them by their virtue. Preferment, to stations of power and trust, was not, in those days, open to all promiscuously. They who appeared to the public to have the best claim by merit and character, obtained them; for they wisely considered, that to promote to high stations men of superior eminence for virtue, was the likeliest means to excite to general emulation among persons of all ranks, even to the lowest, as *the people are constantly observed to form their manners upon the model of their superiors.* Instead of the public treasures plundered to fill the coffers of private persons, it was common to see large sums of private wealth voluntarily contributed for defraying the public expense. In those times the difficulty was, to prevail upon the persons qualified for filling important stations, to assume them, whereas, in our days, all are aspiring to preferment, worthy and unworthy, qualified and unqualified. In those times, they who refused, were the most solicited to assume high stations, as it was considered that merit is commonly diffident of itself. In our days, they who elbow others, and thrust themselves forward, obtain the most readily, what they, by this very conduct, show themselves the most unworthy of. Our ancestors did not look upon a place of authority as an emolument, but as a trust; the successor did not inquire what sums his predecessor had gained while he held his employment, but what he had left undone, that the deficiency might be supplied as soon as possible.

They held it proper that the administration should be trusted to those who had the most to lose in case of a subversion of the State; but so, that no riches or power should screen any person from an inquiry into his conduct, nor from suffering adequate punishment in case of delinquency. The rich thought extreme poverty in the lower people a reflection upon them, as having failed in their patronage of them; and the poor, far from envying the wealth of their superiors, rejoiced in it, considering the power of the rich as their protection. The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people, he tells us, is not brought about by laws or sanctions, but by education and example, by forming the minds of the people so that they shall have no disposition to offend.

The time is ripe in our country's history for availing ourselves of the experience of other republics, which, puffed up with an opinion of their own strength and safety, have trusted to rash and imprudent counsels with fatal results. For now, as always, while a condition of perfect prosperity brings with it the causes and fore-runners of misfortune, narrower circumstances commonly lend on to care, prudence and safety, causing the wise and patriotic to set themselves with speed and diligence to find out and carry into execution, the most proper and effectual means of redressing evils which otherwise draw after them ruinous consequences.

What Sheridan worked and planned for, the cause that engaged Madame Neckar de Saussure's and Aime-Martin's eloquent pens, is now occupying the minds and hearts of numbers in our own land who at length realize that *under the domestic roof* are formed those opinions and those moral feelings which sustain institutions or prepare their fall.

Women are formed to become instructors, for while they hold immediately in their hands the morality of their children, those future sovereigns of the earth, the example they may give and the charm they may diffuse over other periods of life, furnish to them means for the amelioration of every evil. Whatever in political organization is not founded on the true interests of families, soon disappears, or produces only evil; and as these interests are chiefly confided to women, particularly as the attention of men is otherwise directed, as also in the material arrangements, it is principally to women that the care of health and the care of property has devolved; so in the spiritual department, it is they who communicate or awaken sentiments which are the life of the soul—the eternal impetus of actions. Their influence is immense in the vicissitudes of life. There is then constant action and reaction between public and private life, and thence may result a double advancement in civilization; for, if domestic administration were generally better understood, a purer element would be poured into society by a thousand channels.

That which it seems most necessary to form in woman, is a prompt ability to decide correctly of what every moment requires. Principles elevated, firm, and founded on reflection, joined to her natural gifts, can alone render her capable of fulfilling that mission of instruction for which she is designed; but not until her own instruction has become as solid and as rational as it has been heretofore weak and incoherent, can we hope for this result. In England, women of wealth and high position have banded themselves together, with the Princess Louise at their head, for the purpose of giving facilities for acquiring this higher and better education which is so necessary for the developing and drawing out of their powers, and, in an humbler way, some of our women, without that cooperation so desirable for fullest success, are working for the same ends. They see the evils of aimless study revealed on all sides—in woman's lessened influence for good on man, in the inherited tendencies of her offspring, and in the deterioration of society as far as "the graces of high culture," if not its morality, are concerned. Still more plainly do these evils make themselves felt in individual cases of thousands seeking employment and finding none, because they have not had the special training necessary to inspire confidence in those who seek for skilful workers—not for inefficient ones.

We have seen that through her children a woman rules posterity; that she leaves for good or for evil indelible marks on the universe; that the tendencies inherited from the past are transmitted to the future—acquired qualities as well as natural qualities—and so we come back to the assertion of the Athenian philosopher as to the importance of educating our youth aright.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, an English clergyman, writing of the plague spots of our modern life, asserts that idleness lies at the root of much of the misery of social life. People are wicked and miserable, he says, because they have nothing to do. Idleness breeds selfishness in every possible form, unbalanced feelings, back-biting and mischief-making. It will wake dormant lusts and stimulate lying and malice and treachery; and there is hardly anything bad which it will not breed. He continues: Mothers! see that your daughters are occupied—see that they are well informed as to household duties, as to the duties of married life; for life-long happiness or misery may depend upon their knowledge of such details. How much disease and misery, mental and physical, might not mothers spare their daughters by a little timely instruction as to the laws of health, a knowledge of what she is fit for, married or unmarried. Nowadays a girl's education ends just as she is beginning to unfold, and her mind which had begun to bud, too often slowly withers, or narrows, or becomes a blank. Marriage comes upon her unprepared, or single life; and perhaps family misfortune, penury, comes upon her still more unprepared. What is she to do? She is not fit to teach. She has never been properly taught herself. This writer continues: Let girls take a serious interest in art; let them take up some congenial study, let it be a branch of science or history. Let them write. They can do almost anything they try to do, but let their mothers never rest until they have implanted in their daughters' lives one growing interest beyond flirtation and gossip, whether it be work at the easel, music, literature, the structure of the human body and the laws of health, any solid interest that will occupy their thoughts and their hearts. Idleness, frivolity and ignorance can only be put down by education and employment. In the last resort the spirit of evil becomes teacher and task-master.

There would not be so many opposers to the higher culture of women if its objects were better understood, but many persons, many parents even, are opposing its advocates on the ground that the objects sought are those which the late Rev. Chas. Kingsley stated them to be in one of his essays, namely: To make girls read more books, and do more sums, and pass examinations, and stoop over desks, and study Latin, and even Greek. No, these are not the objects of the higher culture of women. By one of Mr. Kingsley's own papers we shall try to show what some of the objects are. He asks, "Do you know anything about education of which the Greeks have not taught us at least the rudiments? To produce health, that is, harmony and sympathy, proportion and grace, in every faculty of mind and body—that was their notion of education."

This is one of the first ends that the advocates of the higher culture of women are aiming to attain. Dismissing all "vague sentiments," "wild aspirations," and "Utopian dreams," they start on the practical basis that not only money and comfort, but health and life, are dependent upon a higher form of culture, a more thorough course of education than is now the standard. Not more branches of study, but fewer, and a more thorough comprehension of those pursued. Not alone are each individual woman's health and life dependent upon the kind and the degree of instruction and education that she receives, but the health and the lives of untold numbers. In proportion as she knows the laws and nature of a subject, she will be able to work at it easily, surely, rapidly, successfully, instead of wasting her energies in mistaken schemes and irregular efforts, which end in disappointment and exhaustion. Knowledge of sanitary laws saves health and life; knowledge of the laws of intellect saves wear and tear of brain; and knowledge of the laws of the spirit—what does it not save?

A well-educated moral sense, a well-regulated character, saves from idleness and *ennui*, alternating with sentimentality and excitement; it saves from excess those tenderer emotions, those deeper passions, those nobler aspirations which are the heritage of the woman far more than of the man, and which are potent in her, for evil or for good, in proportion as they are left to run wild and undisciplined, or are trained and developed into graceful, harmonious, self-restraining strength, beautiful in itself, and a blessing to all who come under its influence.

It is not the wish of the advocates of the higher culture of woman's powers, to withdraw her from her existing spheres of interest and activity, but rather to fit women for the more enlightened performance of their special duties, to help them toward learning how to do better what they have to do, whether as members of society alone or in the higher walks of a mother's, or a teacher's duties, or in any of the arts or professions which may be chosen by them.

The work that many women are doing nobly now, without instruction, how much more nobly and efficiently would they be able to do it if they had been taught. In America, more than in any other land, it is necessary that women should be taught the meaning of the words capital, profit, price, value, labor, wages, and of the relation between these last two. If they become housekeepers, how many mistakes, anxieties, worries, which eat out the health as well as the heart, would they be saved from by a little sound knowledge of the principles of political economy. As orphans and widows possessing means, how many disagreeable experiences, how many losses, how much of-fending might be avoided by a knowledge of the laws of business. Is it any wonder that men complain that woman's intellect is not fit for business; that when a woman takes to business she is apt to do it ill and unpleasantly likewise; to be more suspicious, more irritable, more grasping, more unreasonable than honorable men of business would be; that "a woman does not fight fair?" Rather is it not to be wondered at that she should get through as well as she does what she undertakes, having had no special training for it? She does not know the rules of the game she is playing, and, therefore, she is playing it in the dark, in fear and suspicion, when a little sound knowledge would have set her head and her heart at rest.

And for those young women, so rapidly increasing in number, who have to take care of themselves with no means of so doing provided for them, how necessary it is that whatever studies they undertake should be pursued with thoroughness! In the rapid transitions of fortune that take place in America, what parent can tell whether his daughters will be found in the ranks of the applicants for work, or among those who, in happy and luxuriant homes, train for eternity the immortal souls that are given as a sacred trust into the mother's keeping. And here come in, with all their solemn teachings, the laws of life, of health, of hygiene. What lamentable ignorance is shown upon the part of those parents and instructors who seek to keep such information from the young whom they have in charge! "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," they say. It is false. A little knowledge is better than none. It leads the way to more, for the quest of knowledge is one that, once entered upon, continues while life lasts, and is carried by the spirit into the life beyond the grave. Teach the young mother to understand that when she sends her child out with insufficient clothing and he is brought back to her chilled through, and his vitality, his power of resisting disease (diphtheria, croup—whatever it may be), is wasted; that the food which should have gone to keep the vital heat at its normal standard is spent in making up the loss; that she may, by taking the necessary precautions, save the life of her child; that she must not take him thus chilled to the fire, or into the room so highly heated, but that by gentle exercise or friction she must restore the circulation, and in using such precautions she may ward off the attack of disease that would surely follow if they were neglected. The same in her own case; these truths are as applicable to the mature as to the young. Well has Dr. Clarke said, "Let Eve take a wise care of the temple God made for her, and Adam of the one made for him, and both will enter upon a career whose glory and beauty no seer has foretold, or poet sung."

But in order to take this care she must have that instruction in physiological laws which is requisite. Kingsley states that more human beings are killed in England every year by unnecessary and preventable diseases than were killed at Waterloo or at Sadowa; and that the great majority of these victims are children.

It is the wheels of the juggernaut Ignorance that crushes out the life of these tender holocausts; for the diseases which carry them off are, for the most part, such as ought to be specially under the control of the women who love them, pet them, educate them, and who would in many cases, if need be, lay down their lives for them.

Again, simple ignorance of the laws of ventilation in sleeping-rooms and in school-rooms produces a vast amount of disease. From ignorance of signs of approaching disease, children are often punished for idleness, listlessness, sulkiness, wilfulness, in the unwisest way—by confinement to a room, perhaps, and an increase of tasks; when what they really need is more oxygen and more exercise, and less study. These forms of ignorance have, times without number, resulted in malignant typhus and brain fevers. A little knowledge of the laws, to the neglect of which is owing so much fearful disease, (which, if it does not produce immediate death, too often leaves the constitution impaired for years to come), would spare this waste of health and strength in the young; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them. If, instead of the trashy accomplishments upon which so much of the school-girl's time is expended, a little rational instruction should be given in these laws of nature, how different the result would be; how many precious lives might be spared to those who, like Rachel of old, refuse to be comforted because of the children which were, and are not! how many frail shrines of immortality might have become strong and beautiful temples of the soul! We are as much bound to know and to obey the laws of nature, on which depends the welfare of our bodies, as we are bound to know and obey the spiritual laws, whereon depends the welfare of our souls. Even the welfare of the soul, in one sense, depends upon the welfare of the body; for no spiritual life can be developed to its highest degree of attainment unless the body be developed to its highest.

The girl who has her intellect, her taste, her emotions, her moral sense—in a word, her whole womanhood, so cultivated and regulated that she shall be able to discern the true from the false, so that she shall stand in fear of no other censure than that of her own mind and heart, will be ready for the faithful performance of the work of life, whatever that may be; while the one who is allowed to grow up ignorant, frivolous, luxurious, vain, idle, will be fitted for no state of existence, and will, sooner or later, unless self-education comes in to repair the neglect of parents and teachers, reach a time of vacuity all but despair, in which the immortal spirit, finding no healthy aspirations, is but too likely to betake itself to unholy excitements; or, ashamed of its own self-indulgence, flees from itself into morbid ascetism, or to self-invented and unnatural duties out of the world. The misunderstandings, quarrels, rumors, slanders and scandals that bring so much distress into families, and even into communities, arise more frequently from a defect in training than from any real badness of heart. There is but one sort of education that will correct this defect—a defect which women share in common with the "Paul Pry" and the "Tattler" among men—and that is an education that will teach them all, men and women, to observe facts accurately, judge them calmly, and describe them carefully, without adding or distorting. Some training in natural sciences can alone accomplish this desirable end. A man of science, simply because his mind has been trained to deal with facts, is able to repeat what he sees and hears as he sees and hears it, because the leading features are strongly and clearly imprinted on his memory. His eyes and ears are not governed by his feelings so that he only sees and hears what he wishes to see and hear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOSITY REWARDED.—Some travelers were recently visiting at an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one upon which was written, "Non aperite," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very uncivilly proceeded to disobey their hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a jet of water was squirted full into their faces.

—One of the most exciting pastimes now at boarding houses where they serve mince pie, is for the boarders to challenge each other at guessing whether it contains more leather than india-rubber, or *vice versa*.

AT EVENING-TIME.

She talks to us at evening-time
Of all the quaint old ways,
And all the things that used to be
Once, in her girlish days!
She says the lads were twice as true,
The maids more shy and sweet,
And not afraid of work or play
Were those who used to meet;
A simpler life contented them,
And simpler songs were sung,
And one would think 'twas Eden-time,
Long since, when she was young.

She talks to us at evening-time,
Of how her lover came
To woo her first; how shy she was
To call him by his name;
She says his eyes were bright as stars,
His hair was like the crow—
I saw him once—his eyes were dim,
His hair was white as snow;
She tells us, with a touch of pride,
He on her accents hung,
And ne'er was lad so true as he,
Long since, when she was young.

She talks to us at evening time,
And tells us that we know
How dear we are, but still she feels
'Tis nearly time to go;
We stoop to touch her silv'ry hair,
Or softly kiss her brow:
They did not love her more long since
Than we all love her now;
But she would fold her weary hands,
And go to rest among
The silent crowd of those she knew
Long since, when she was young.

NORA;

OR,

The Confession.

BY MARY CECIL HAY, AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIFT.

Three years have passed since the Squire of High Sutton brought his young bride from Ireland, and these three years have passed in perfect happiness for both. So bent had Nora been upon preparing herself for conscientiously taking upon her her new responsibilities, that to study indefatigably under her father, in the Irish home in which order and method had ever been strangers, she would have delayed her marriage month after month, on the ground of not being sufficiently improved. But her father pleaded with her lover, and won her consent at last, urging his own failing health and great desire to see her in her real home.

Upon this summer evening, when we next see Nora at High Sutton, her father had been dead almost two years, and the little Connaught estate is offered—vainly—for sale.

The twins are at home for the long vacation now, tall and stalwart young men, but with still the old contrast both in face and manner—Ernest, frank and active; Drury, silent, watchful, and inert. There has been no change at all in Ernest's manner to Nora during these three years, but sometimes she fancies Drury is impatient with her, and that he winces at any reminder of their relationship.

"It is natural," she muses to herself; "only I wish he would only laugh at the notion of so young a mother, as Ernest does."

But Drury had added reasons for his depression which his young stepmother never guessed.

Miss Macnair has settled herself—or rather allowed her brother-in-law to settle her—in the Dower House; and though only a ten minutes' walk across the park brings her to High Sutton, she lets many a day pass without crossing it, unless the twins are at home.

But they are at home now, and Miss Macnair is talking of them, as she loiters on the terrace with the Squire and Nora, and with the little one, who has found no favor in her eyes. How he has possibly failed to do this is the one thought puzzling the Squire's mind at this moment, as his little son stands laughing on the wide stone rail—a beautiful boy with grave blue eyes, and a mouth all smiles and dimples, his mother's arm about him, and his mother's eyes brightening as they meet his.

"Now do own, Caroline," cried Mr. Sutton delightedly, as the child sprang into his outstretched arms, "that baby is like our family, because everybody else tells Nora he has her face."

"He is not at all like your sons—I mean your other sons," observed Miss Macnair lelly. "They were, fortunately for them, not so much petted, either," she continued in the silence which followed her kind remark.

"The petting is all we can give this little lad," said the Squire, good-humoredly. "He will have to rough it with the world presently, like the poorest of us."

"Probably," observed Miss Macnair, "Carleton will soon discover how very much in his light his brother Ernest stands."

"What are you saying, Caroline?" inquired Mr. Sutton sternly, as he closed his arms more tightly about his boy. "Our little lad will never think of Ernest save as his kind big brother, just as Drury always did, only that there would have been some excuse for Drury to resent his juniorship. Where there is only twenty minutes of priority, the chance has been so nearly escaped; where there is twenty years, the case is very different."

Miss Macnair was gazing curiously into Nora's face, perhaps because it was so beautiful with loving pride and bright content. "I knew a boy," she said, as Nora's girlish laugh came brightly from her lips, "and he inherited a splendid estate when he came of age, though when I saw him first—just such a child as yours, Nora—five healthy lives stood between him and the property. So there is even a chance in this case."

"I hope," said Nora—and they each noticed that her face had grown very white—"that there is no such thing as chance in such a case."

"We cannot, of course, expect," resumed Miss Macnair, with motiveless obstinacy, "that you do not sometimes wish this home, which is his father's, would some day be your boy's."

Then Nora laughed as she stooped to kiss the child. "Perhaps," she said debonairly, "no mother thinks it wicked to be avaricious for her son."

"Perhaps so," replied the elder lady ominously; "though why that species of coveting should be more free from sin than any other, it puzzles me to imagine."

"Nora, my darling," put in her husband very gently, as he stroked her bright soft hair, "when you jest so, Caroline does not understand you; and think what spectacles she would need to find a speck of covetousness in your nature."

Perhaps Miss Macnair did not like the idea of being jested with at all, and perhaps the sight of the perfect confidence between husband and wife galled her a little, as she recollected the old days when her sister left his heart aching and unsatisfied. In any case, she turned away abruptly, and put on the shawl which Nora had carried out for her.

"If you are going for a walk, Caroline," said her brother-in-law, the passing cloud gone from his genial handsome face, "wait for us."

"I should have liked to come, Miss Macnair," put in Nora, in her warm bright tones, "but I promised Ernest to join him at the river, with baby. If we reach home first, we will walk towards the village to meet you and Wynter. If you are first, will you come towards the boat-house to meet us?"

But Nora's chief reason for refusing to join this walk was not her half promise to Ernest. She understood pretty well now the jealous nature of her husband's sister-in-law; and rightly judging that she would now and then enjoy the Squire's society all to herself, the girl-wife, whose nature was utterly free from jealousy of any kind, would often invent a harmless excuse to leave the two together.

It was the Squire and Miss Macnair who reached home first; but, instead of going at once to meet Nora, they lingered together on the terrace, just where they had chatted before separating, but silent now, waiting and watching for the others.

Presently, quite suddenly, this silence was broken by a cry—a swift shrill cry of horror—which pierced the air and echoed in the massive walls behind them.

"It was a—a laugh, I suppose," faltered Miss Macnair, her lips stiff and white.

The Squire's head was raised, every nerve strained to listen.

"It was no laugh," he said. "Caroline, wait here for Nora."

With a sudden impulse, she closed her hand upon his arm. "I cannot let you go," she sobbed. "It has frightened me! It seemed like Nora's shriek. Stay, listen. There are footsteps."

It was Nora's own fleet tread which presently reached their ears; and the Squire, shaking off his sister's detaining hand, clasped his arm about his wife when she came towards them from the park, her step unsteady, and her eyes feverishly bright in their terror.

"My love," he cried, his tones shaken by a vague alarm, "you are safe in your husband's care. Nothing can hurt you here. Feel how strong I am, and how closely I can guard you. My precious one, how white and ill you look! What is it?—tell me. Where"—in sudden apprehension—"is baby?"

She turned eagerly to point on the way she had come.

"There," she whispered, as if glad to answer to some opportunity given her. "There—safe. O, my husband, fetch him, and let me go!"

Yet, when his arms were loosed, she only turned and faced him, with a ghastly pallor on her face. "To the river," she whispered, the words faltering through her parted lips. "Ernest—the Fall. O, quick!"

One look her husband gave into her face—a look of wild incredulous inquiry—and then he turned and ran; and Nora, shrinking from Miss Macnair, crept up to the house with silent heavy steps, and soon was lost to the keen eyes which followed her.

The great dinner-bell had long ceased its unavailing summons, and the dishes were left to grow cold under their covers. There had settled upon the house a hush, which in itself was terrible after those hours of excitement. The physicians had left, and their hopeless verdict of "Too late" had passed so constantly from mouth to mouth, that even its keen sting was deadened a little already. Almost the only sound proceeded from Miss Macnair's chamber, where she lay sobbing violently upon her bed. All other rooms in the great house seemed as silent as that one where the heir lay stiff and dead, with the trophies of his boyish tastes around him.

Mr. Sutton, whose face in these three hours had grown aged and lined, softly closed the door of this chamber, which in that gathering of the twilight had changed from the noisiest in the house to the awful centre of its deathly stillness, and, with a new heaviness and weakness in his step, went on to his wife's dressing-room. The candles were lighted, and by their light he saw in a moment that the room was empty. He softly passed into the chamber beyond, and searched it even in the darkness. But Nora was not there.

"My poor darling!" he murmured, as he turned towards the nurseries; "that angry hysterical rebuff of Caroline's was cruel, when she was trying so bravely to be patient and comforting."

The door of his little boy's nursery was locked, and the Squire's heart sank when he saw this, and that the room was still in darkness.

"Nora," he whispered pleadingly, "it is only I, my love."

His voice was shaken and weakened by the awful shock and grief of those past hours; and the low tones startled Nora as her husband's tones had never startled her before.

Yet, without turning the key, she sat with her hands tight upon her temples, listening in the darkness.

"Let me in, my darling wife."

Her hands fell helpless to her side, and the great pain and love upon her face were pitiful to see; but she still stood with the locked door between her and her husband. No word of blame or even surprise he uttered, while she, who ought to have sought him now to comfort him, hid herself from him, even when he sought her. But he called her lovingly again, in a voice so stirred and broken by the pain he suffered, that, after one moment's clasp of her raised hands and closing of her strained eyes, she turned the key, and even in the gloom eagerly and wistfully met her husband's gaze.

In another moment her face was hidden on his breast, and her whole frame was shaken by passionate suppressed sobs, while the tears fell at last from his eyes too, slowly and silently down upon her bent head.

So they stood in this close embrace beside their sleeping child, until Nora's tears were stayed; and, shrinking from her husband's arms, she went to her baby's bed and laid one hand upon his pillow.

"I have been dreaming. I must have been dreaming in the darkness. O my husband, tell me, *what* is true?"

Frightened a little by her manner, he told her as quietly and simply as he could, knowing well that this agony of repetition was unnecessary, because she had looked with him upon his son's dead face, and had repeated, in this same awed tone, the doctor's words, "Too late."

"I—I cannot understand," she faltered, her eyes so pitifully wide and eager.

"Yet it was you who knew it first, my darling," Wynter Sutton whispered, covering his own eyes. "Your cry was our only preparation for the awful truth. You saw—O my love, I dare not picture what you saw!"

"Yes," said Nora, in a slow distinct tone, her right hand softly lying now upon her baby's hair, "I saw the boat glide over the Fall—as smoothly as if it did not mean an instantaneous death. Did—no one else see?"

"No one else. Your cry gave the first alarm, and I think others had gathered at the Fall even before I reached it. Drury was last; he had been wandering alone with his gun all the afternoon, and he thought it was only fancy that he heard a faint and distant cry."

"He was never in sight, then, of the—boat?"

"No, darling; would to God he had been!"

"Why?"

"Why!" he echoed in pained surprise. "He might have saved his brother's life—just think of that haunting thought for him—aye, and even for me! Ernest might have been saved if one of us had been in time."

"Might have been saved!" repeated Nora, with strange suppressed vehemence. "No, no; the current was so strong and rapid there, that in one moment it was over, and hope was dead."

"My darling—my poor darling!" murmured Mr. Sutton, drawing his wife to his side again. "It has been a terrible shock for you. Come with me into the light and warmth, my child. Come and give your own sweet words of comfort to poor Drury."

"No," she said, and shrank again from his caressing touch; "Drury will—hate to see me."

"My dear, you wrong him sadly. Deeply as he is mourning his twin-brother, he must know that even if he had seen what you saw he could not have rescued Ernest. Besides, my darling," continued the Squire, with a pitiful effort to speak in his natural tone, "Caroline is totally unnerved, and who can help us all like my own dear wife? Come!"

"She sent me from her," said Nora softly; "but"—with one hurried sob—"I will come."

Miss Macnair, when they reached her room, was still crying aloud for Ernest. Demonstrative as was her grief, it was terribly sincere; for the only person in all the world on whom she had lavished any wealth of affection, was her sister's elder son. And now her cries for him—and her sobs, when memory told her she must cry in vain—were torturing to hear.

But both cries and sobs were silenced by one spasmodic effort, when Nora came gently up to the bed and laid one hand on her.

"Go away!" she said with bitter slowness. "Do you think that a caress of yours can reconcile me to a grief which is beyond your power to imagine? You have your own son—go to him, and you will soon be comforted."

"My little one can in no way take Ernest's place, Miss Macnair," said Nora, with great gentleness.

"No," replied Caroline Macnair icily, "not while Drury lives."

And then her tears gushed out afresh. And Mr. Sutton, curbing his anger against her because she was in grief, could only lead his young wife from the room.

"Come away," pleaded Nora vacantly when they reached the hall, and the chill night air blew on them from the open door; "the house is stifling me."

He turned aside to get her a shawl, but she hurried on; and when he followed her out upon the terrace, he found her standing opposite Drury, and both their faces were pallid in the gloom.

"He was not rowing; he was lying idly in the boat—lying with head upon the seat in the stern, I think asleep."

So Nora was saying as the Squire came up to her, and she did not cease or turn while he folded the shawl about her.

"That accounts," said Drury, addressing his father, but without removing his eyes from Nora's face, "for the story Reynolds has been telling me, and is waiting now to tell you. He says that twice during this afternoon he passed that shady nook on the river, where Ernest had drawn up his boat and was tying it to one of the pollards, waiting, he told Reynolds, for Mrs. Sutton. I do not know why he should choose to wait below the boat-house, knowing what the current to the Fall would do, if the cord became broken or loose. It was rash, and unlike Ernest."

"Yes, he waited there for me," said Nora, quietly, still standing opposite Drury, and gazing eagerly at him through the gloom, as she listened to what he had heard of his brother.

"Perhaps so," returned the young man absently; "but later on, when Reynolds passed the second time, he fancied Ernest lay asleep in the boat, the oars beside him, his head, just as Nora said, on the seat in the stern. The boat was still fast, Reynolds says; the cords twisted round the pollard and knotted. It must have been a feeble, careless knot, and I think Reynolds ought to have seen to it, knowing the danger for Ernest."

"A feeble careless knot indeed!" replied the Squire, his chest heaving with emotion. "My poor, poor boy!"

"Would that account for all?" asked Nora, still with the same immovable questioning gaze.

"I suppose so," returned Drury gravely, in his heavy sadness; "but it cannot lessen the anguish of his loss—to me especially."

Then he turned away and hurried from them, while his father looked after him with deep compassion.

"This day," he said sorrowfully to himself, "will leave its mark upon my boy's whole life. He is not one to grieve for an hour and then forget; and—they were twins."

Then the strong man lost his self control, and Nora in a moment was the comforter, calm and earnest. An hour afterwards the lamp-light filled the rooms again, and Nora was hovering about the tea-table, trying, gently and bravely, to help and cheer them all.

So the night fell upon the saddened house; and it was only when the chamber-doors were closed that the new deep grief held ruthless sway once more, and made the night hours drag heavily.

There is no need to tell how the days passed before the young heir of High Sutton was laid in the great vault which had been opened only once before. There were the official forms to go through; but the verdict of "Accidental death" shed no further light upon that evening's mystery and misfortune, and took no edge from the grief.

When the Squire and his son returned, after the cruel form had been gone through, Nora met them, slowly and sadly walking towards them in the sunshine.

"My darling," the Squire said, trying to rouse himself from his deep and heavy depression, as he drew her hand tenderly through his arm.

"Is—more known?" she asked, looking wistfully across her husband into Drury's face.

"Accidental death," said Drury, gently turning aside her question.

"Tell me, Wynter," she pleaded, "is—no more known?"

"One man," returned the Squire, evidently speaking with unwillingness, "wished, after the inquest was officially over, to insinuate that the matter should be looked into further."

"Why?"

"Here is Caroline," he said, without answering.

"If any one wished that the matter should be looked into," began Miss Macnair, betraying, equally by her words and the rigid compression of her lips, that she had overheard her brother's last remark, "they mean that there has been foul play; and the matter must be looked into, Drury."

It struck them all as curious that she should address herself to her nephew in answering her brother-in-law; and no one had replied when she spoke again, with slow distinctness:

"It means that the boat had been loosed purposely from the pollard, and left to float direct to the rapids, and—to certain death!"

"Caroline," interrupted the Squire, his voice shaken by anger as well as pain, "would you—who loved him—be the one to cloud, even for one moment, our fair remembrances of our boy?"

There was no other word uttered then; but a chill had fallen among them, whose shadow could be lifted never again.

As the days passed, after his son's funeral, Mr. Sutton grew seriously alarmed about his wife's health; for since the hour of Ernest's death her color, her spirit, and her appetite had entirely left her, and she moved about the house white and quiet as a ghost, though her words were still bright, and her hands prompt in their care and kindly deeds.

"I must take Nora away," he said, rousing himself one day from a long and reverie, when Miss Macnair came suddenly upon him.

"Why?" she inquired, with a note of extra coldness in her voice.

"I cannot bear to see her as she is. She owns to no pain, she will see no doctor, and take no rest. It—it is as if she were fading from our sight."

"It is strange," mused Miss Macnair. "She says she does not suffer, yet it is hard to believe—knowing how she herself has owned that Ernest stood in her son's way—that her sufferings not have been *mental* since my dear Ernest met that strange death which she alone witnessed. I always think she would have suffered less since, if she had at once disburdened her mind of all she saw or—knew. Some pressure has been heavy on her mind ever since that hour when she ran shrieking from the spot."

"*Spot?*" cried the Squire huskily. "She was in the park, not far from us; and—"

But his sister-in-law had caught sight of Nora in the distance, and went to join her, leaving the bitter seed to take slow root in the heart which still was so unwilling to receive it, and fought so hard against the cruel insinuation.

All that evening there was a curious watchfulness in her husband's manner which Nora could not help but notice; yet withal an added tenderness to her—if that were possible. He noticed that her voice was sweet and kind, as of old, yet there was something different; all its old brightness was gone, and he wondered now that he had never noticed any change beyond her weariness and pallor.

He fancied that Drury watched her too, and he marked how her eyes avoided his always, though she would glance at him when his head was bent above his book or when he was talking to some one else. Then she would let her eyes rest upon him, sometimes removing them slowly with an effort, and sometimes swiftly closing or turning them, as if in sudden pain.

"How it saddens her," mused the Squire to himself, "to witness Drury's undiminished grief. My poor boy! Will he ever get over that shock, and will he ever again take an interest in the estate, as he should do doubly now? I must get Nora, before she goes, to tempt him back to his old pursuits; and, if possible, to his brother's old pursuits, too. He will be better and happier when he has once assumed his rightful position as heir." By which it was plain that Drury had not taken upon himself any of his brother's prerogatives.

"Nora, my darling," said the Squire that very night, "I want to travel for a little time, and I cannot go without you. Will you come—you and I alone?"

His heart leaped with joy to hear her quick and glad assent. "O Wynter, how kind you are to me!" she cried, tears falling quickly down her white cheeks. "It is for my sake that you say it. O my husband, will you be satisfied with me alone?"

His own eyes were not dry when he folded his arms about the slender figure. "Satisfied, my love!" What else in all the world do I need when you are with me?"

"You have your son, too—*Drury*, I mean. Wynter," she said, turning to him in sudden pitiful earnestness, "if one of us lost all claim to your great, great love and kindness and compassion, you—you would still have the other."

"But I have both," he answered, smiling fondly as he kissed her earnest face; "not to mention my darling sleeping in the next room. Is he to go with us, little wife?"

In one moment she read his wish—that he could have her to himself, free from all care and all responsibility; and she answered lovingly that she only wished for her husband for that time. So it was settled they should go together; and two days afterwards they were upon their way to Italy.

"This absence of ours will be the best thing in the world for Drury," the Squire had said, while he waved his last good-bye to the young man who stood, quiet and grave, upon the station platform. "He will rouse himself to superintend matters for me, and to write to us, and to exert the authority I have thus tacitly vested in him. Poor Drury! I trust too that time will a little soften his grief for his twin-brother. His was a deeply-rooted love, my darling, was it not, for all his quietness? The consciousness of that makes me trust in his firm affection for us, in spite of his absent undemonstrative manner."

"For me, you mean," said Nora, with her gentle smile, as she recalled Drury's chilly leave-taking. "*Nothing* could ever have allowed you to doubt his love for you, Wynter. And do not fret that he does not love me as—we used to hope he might. He feels Ernest's death recalled to him, I fancy, by even my very presence. It will wear off perhaps."

"Perhaps!" he echoed tenderly. "As if anything else were possible."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—They are willing to accord due credit to all other parts of the Bible, but there is not a full-fledged tramp in the country who is not prepared to argue and controvert that passage which says "man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

My First Disappointment.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME SOUVESTRE, BY A. MELIA MICHEL.

"Memory, who has not felt its intoxicating charms? Who does not love to inhale the lingering perfume, as it is wafted from the vase of the past? Who does not forget himself sometimes, as sweetly dreaming, he listens to the echoes of long ago? To remember—it is to double our life."

Thus the poets have spoken, and many others, who are not poets, have extolled the pleasures of Memory. Ah, me! who believes them? To remember, it is to *know* that we have lived—and what is it then to live?

I will tell you what it is in this history of an event in my happier years—a story of the time when I had yet beside my pillows the Holy Book, and, waving above it, a sacred branch; while, hovering near and watching over my slumbers, was my guardian angel! But that was long ago—scarce sixteen then! Listen, and do not smile at these reminiscences, for nothing is useless, which, although it crush out joy, awakens the soul to life's realities. Grief is in that which we suffer, not in the cause of suffering. That eventful morning I had risen with a heart all bounding with hope.

Never had I wakened from my dreams with a sweeter smile; one thought filled my mind, but that thought summed up in itself alone all its wandering fancies. That thought, it was all of the future, for on the evening of that day I should await *its* coming—*its coming* so long desired! My countenance, always smiling, was serious from its weight of happiness. My good mother, uneasy at my strange silence, had asked me many times: "What troubles you, my child?" While I, shut up in my mysterious joy, replied: "Oh! nothing, mamma." As I kissed her upon her brow, my radiant smile reassured her, for these fond mothers know that there are in the lives of their well-beloved daughters some sweet hopes which flourish in mystery, and which one confidence alone will wither.

That day my usual occupations were all neglected. My canary had sung for me its sweetest song, but had received no caresses. Everything had yielded to my one o'ermastering thought. My books were unopened—the reveries of others would seem so empty beside my own sweet dream. My piano and harp were silent; their sounds would have been rude and false compared with the harmony that vibrated in my bosom. Reclining upon my sofa, I thought only of the hour which was awaiting me. Of that hour when my fondest hopes would be all realized. Sometimes I would rise hastily, and, rushing to my windows, listen, as if that would quicken its coming; but soon the inquisitive gaze of a neighbor would drive me from it, for I blushed at the thought that they should suspect my impatience. They could not understand me, and their ridicule, falling upon my joy, would drive it back into the depths of my heart. This strange change which had come over me, this absent-mindedness, this lack of my usual light-hearted gaiety, was noticed by some of my mother's friends, who dropped in towards evening. I heard my aunt inquiring in an undertone the reason. "The dear child must be ill," said she, for they spoke to me in sweet words of flattery, but I replied not. Then they criticized, one by one, my young companions, but failed to interest me, they could not even awaken one answering smile.

At last, the sound of a well-known step was heard upon the staircase, and my heart bounded with wild delight, as my *femme-de-chambre* entered, for I knew that the object of my watching and waiting had come.

Ah, me! how soon the scene was changed, and I was sitting almost heart-broken in my lonely chamber—the hour which I had so ardently hoped for, had indeed come, and despair with it! I was expecting that evening to have made my debut, my *entree* into society, into the fashionable world, and for the occasion I had ordered a faultlessly beautiful robe—one of those garments which, as well as the bridal dress, should be preserved as marking an important era in the life of any woman, and now that object of so many ravishing dreams, of so much attention and hope, had been on its way from the dressmaker's defaced by the mud, crushed by the wheels of the carriage that rolled over it, and, horrible to relate, was brought to me soiled—torn—ruined!

Instead of enjoying myself amid dances and song, instead of the admiration I had dreamed of reading in the glances of the men, and the envy in the eyes of the women, I was alone. Before me lay my treasured gown, my defaced flowers, trodden beneath the feet—like our fondest joys, alas! how often—and my eyes glistening no longer save with fast-falling tears.

Since then, how many days of sadness have passed over me, but they no longer deceive. Since then, how many troubles, more serious and heart-rending, have been my portion; for the sweet dreams of youth have vanished in the awakening of life's stern realities; but no more bitter tears have been shed than when, at "sweet sixteen" they fell upon the tattered remains of my first ball dress.

INVOLUNTARY EMIGRANTS.

The Russians never apply the name of "prisoner" or "exile" to a banished individual, except in conversation in other languages than their own. The Siberian people invariably call the exiles "unfortunates;" in official documents and verbal communications they are classed as "involuntary emigrants." The treatment of an exile varies according to the crime proven or alleged against him, and for which he has received sentence in Russia. The severest penalty is perpetual banishment, with twenty years' compulsory labor in mines. Hard labor was formerly assigned for life; at present, if a man survives it twenty years, he is then allowed to register himself as a resident of a specified district, and is not liable to be called upon for further service. Below this highest penalty there are sentences to compulsory labor for different terms—all the way from one year upwards. The exiles condemned to long terms of servitude are generally sent to the district of Nerchinsk, beyond Lake Baikal; technically they are required to labor underground, but practically they are employed on or below the surface, just as their superintendents may direct. Formerly all convicts sentenced to labor for life had their nostrils slit, and were branded on the forehead; this practice was abandoned nearly twenty years ago, so that few persons thus mutilated are now seen. A great many prisoners are kept in chains, which they wear day and night, whether working or lying idle. By regulation the weight of the chain must not exceed five pounds, and the links are not less than a certain specified number. Some convicts wear chains, and others do not.

FACETIÆ.

I'm seen in the drawing room, parlor and hall,
And besides in the dining-room, kitchen and all—
Of different figures and shades I am made,
In colors like those seen in mount, tree, and glade.

I'm used by the peasant, the king and the queen,
Oft taken out doors, and away to the green—
Trampled and spat on by lord and by clown,
Through country and city, and village and town.

My first on the highway may often be seen,
My next is what all real good children have been—
These parts joined together, it is easily guessed,
And the answer—"a *car*-pet"—explains all the rest.

J. C. T.

—"A thing of note"—Sheet music.

—The mule is the first creature that ever walked on its hands.

—"The return mail"—The coming home of a truant husband.

—There are no such undermining people in America as the silver-seekers of Nevada.

—There's many a slip 'twixt New Year and the last of the winter, if the pavements are icy.

—In summer ice in its various forms may be a sufficiently agreeable acquaintance, but in winter the best plan is to "cut" it.

—We have heard of men hitching up horses, but here is Mrs. Swissheim who says men can't stoop without hitching up their trousers.

—True to the glorious principles of his constitution, the Boston grocer never adulterates coffee with anything but roasted beans.

—It is somewhat singular, but if you want to contract a debt, begin paying it. The more you do so, the more it contracts, and it finally disappears.

—The "Servant Girl Question" is a very important issue, and though for the most part a "domestic" trouble, it must also be regarded as a "foreign" one.

—In reference to the recent great fall of snow in Russia it may be of interest to know that the Czar has not sent one of his best diplomats to Shouveloff the steppes.

—Time and tide may wait for no man, but the former certainly seems to halt for a woman, if she happens to be an old maid, as it has been often noticed that in this case they never get beyond thirty years.

—It is more than pity that the utility of butter as material for sculpture was not known to the ancients. What could have been more appropriate as a means of commemorating the immortal men of Greece!

—It is a social problem whether a postal card should ever be sent from a gentleman to a lady, but there is no doubt that a brick is the most useful and fashionable battery in telegraphing to a midnight cat.

—A first class theme for metaphysical discussion is the solution of the reason why a man always lights a match for a segar on the wall, but in the case of a pipe uses the broadest part of his breeches for frictional purposes.

—Sportsmen well know that the habit of unloaded guns always going off at the wrong time, is paralleled only by the fact that the loaded gun, just as the game has been got down fine, invariably fails to go off at all, while the birds do.

—Proverbs occasionally make a mistake. "Perseverance conquers all things" according to the old saw, but there could not be a more dismal failure to accomplish a purpose than a man's persevering efforts to keep his nose properly blown of a cold day.

—There is probably no time when a young man so much wishes he had died in infancy, as after finding his girl has sacked him for another fellow, unless it be when he is full of consciousness of the headache, and other consequences of his first drunk.

—The great fault with works on etiquette is their incompleteness. No one ever read Chesterfield's Letters on Conduct to his son, that was not struck by the very palpable omission of that important precept of deportment, not to wipe your nose on either your sleeve or coat-tail.

—Nothing so fills with pride the heart of the wealthy Chicagoan who goes abroad, as to see the commotion he makes on the public streets, and the number of curious wondering people that follow him everywhere, until he learns the latter are private detectives ordered by the authorities to keep an eye on him, and then he don't feel so good.

—In the regular order of things, night is the season of rest. As Franklin, however, used to observe that the person who works while others sleep, will have both a chance to get and to keep, it is not at all singular that many a man pays such attention to his neighbor's wood pile, as comes from thorough study and complete understanding of the saying.

—In moral poetry and disquisitions generally, the question is often asked, "Where are our summer friends; how long will they abide." This, however, need not be interpreted as showing any preternatural anxiety for the health and prosperity of the mosquito, noted for his interest in mankind at that season.

—For a man to love a woman it is by no means necessary that she should be young, beautiful, or accomplished. It is to the credit of the sterner sex that such superficial considerations do not always influence this most important part of their destiny. A nice bank account now is just as likely to act as a first-class motor to his affections as anything that might be mentioned.

—That spirits can move heavy articles of furniture numerous facts of frequent occurrence conclusively prove. No man ever entered a dark parlor at night that the rocking chair didn't always purposely leave the corner, where it had been quietly reposing for weeks, and tangle itself up among his legs with the sole view of having him kick it and thus get himself into additional trouble.

—Volumes have been written on the power of the human eye, yet its wealth of expression is still inadequately understood. The almost simultaneous closing and opening of the lids, which is usually termed a "wink," while it might, when performed with grace by a handsome man, make a young woman smile sweetly in return, can produce, if directed towards a bar-keeper, a black bottle which contains material for a hundred "smiles."

WEAK LUNGS ARE CRUELLY RACKED by a persistent Cough, which Dr. Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to cure. It cures also both Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

A Norse Superstition.

"Nay, mother, nay; the pictured coal is glowing,
Dully and redly on the hearthstone there;
You was no flame of careless idler's throwing,
Nor rocket flashing through the startled air;
'Twas but the gleaming of the Northern Lights—
Ah, there again, they reddened Huntcliff heights.

"So, let me raise you softly on the pillow,
See, how the crimson lustre flare and dies,
Turning to red the long heave of the billow,
And the great arch of all the starless skies;
The fishers say such beauty bodes them sorrow,
Telling the storm and wind to blow to-morrow."

"No, child, the busy wife may bait her lines,
And net and gear lie ready for the morning,
No presage in that wavering glory shines,
No doom in the rich hues the clouds adorning;
They do but say the lingering hours are past,
The gates, the golden gates, unclose at last.

"Woe, the long hill so steep and drear to climb,
Done, the long task so bitter hard in learning;
The tears are shed, and garnered up by time,
The heart beats, freed from all its lonely yearning;
The bar swings back, and flooding seas and skies,
Burst out the deathless lights of Paradise."

"See, see, by the great valves of pearl they stand,
Friends, children, husband; see glad hands outreaching!
For me, for me, the undiscovered land,
Its promises in that resonate signal teaching;
Aye, kiss me child, the lips will soon be dumb,
That yet in earthly words can say, 'I come.'"

Again the banner of the Northern Lights
Waved broad and bright across the face of heaven;
And in the cottage on the rugged heights,
The passing radiance by their glory given,
Showed a pale orphan weeping by the bed,
And the calm smiling of the happy dead.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

In his pale face, worn with pain and suffering, she saw infinite pity, infinite love; compassion and tenderness shone in his eyes. He had never looked so true and so noble as he did just then. He bent over her.

"Hildred, poor child, is it so bad as this?" he asked.

"It is so bad," she said, "that it could not be worse, Raoul—nothing could be worse. I am tired of it. I am going away."

"Going away," he repeated slowly. "That is what I feared. Has your patience, your forbearance come to an end at last, Hildred?"

"Yes," she replied truthfully, "it has at last."

He was silent for a few minutes, and then, as she looked up at him, a great awe stole over her. His eyes were raised to the clear skies, his lips moved. Surely in a picture she had seen a figure something like his, with a serene light on the brow. Her anger, her impatience, her bitter contempt and dislike seemed to fall away from her, even from that one look at his face. She rose suddenly into something nobler than a weeping, vengeful, unhappy woman.

"You are going away, Hildred—you can bear it no longer? Poor child! This reminds me of an hour I spent once with a soldier who was determined to desert his post and fly."

"I am not a soldier," she said with a more pitiful smile.

"We will talk it over," he replied; and he seated himself by the crimson carnations at her side. "I will tell you all I think," he said, "and we will talk it over, then you shall decide."

She was trying to harden her heart against him, to say to herself that, no matter what he thought, urged, or said, it should make no difference—she would go away. He was sensitive and proud, he was tender of heart, but how could he understand her case? That which tortured her was nothing to him.

"Hildred," he said in a low voice, "will you trust me wholly? Will you tell me the true story of your marriage?"

"Do you not know it, Raoul? It seems to me so shameful, I have no wish to repeat it."

"I know something of it," he replied, "but not the whole truth. I know that you will tell it to me. I ask you as a physician asks. I must know the whole truth before I can advise. Tell me one thing. Did you love your husband at all before your marriage?"

"No," she replied, "not in the least."

"Will you tell me again why you, a woman naturally noble, naturally tender and true at heart, married without love?"

She glanced at him, her beautiful face full of perplexity; she had gathered a crimson carnation, and was holding it between her slender fingers.

"I will tell you, Raoul. I asked my father if love were necessary for happiness; and he said 'No.' I believed him; hence my mistake."

"Your father deceived you."

"He did deceive me," she replied.

He looked at the downcast face.

"Hildred," he said gently. "I do not remember that I have ever met with a more thorough woman than you. You have all a woman's tenderness of heart, quickness of instinct, fertility of imagination, grace of mind—your ideas and thoughts are all womanly and true. How could you be so false to your whole nature as to believe that, even when your father told it to you?"

"I cannot tell. As you say, my own innate perceptions ought to have told me it was false, but they did not. One reason is that I had thought so little of the matter. I loved study and books; romance seldom, if ever, came into my thoughts. I had no girl-friends to converse with. If ever I thought of love at all, it was of some bright fairy-land that all the world sought, but few ever reached. I asked my father if one could live happily without love. He told me 'Yes,'—even more happily—that love was a fever which burned and fretted. He said that the calmest, the most peaceful of lives were those in which love had no share."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes, I told him what poets and novelists had said—how a great poet had said it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' He declared it was all nonsense, 'the poet's trade, the writer's art,' until—believe me, Raoul—I half thought it a noble thing to live without love. Then—let me be quite frank—the notion of being a countess pleased me. Let me be even more frank. I saw Lord Caraven, and I liked him. He looked handsome and fascinating—he seemed to differ from the German professors or the city men with whom I was familiar. I liked him, and I made a great mistake."

"Will you tell me what the mistake was, Hildred?"

"Yes. I knew nothing of money-matters—I did not even know that I was foolish enough to think that he must have seen me somewhere and have liked me—that he must have admired me, or he would not have wished to marry me."

"Poor child!" he said, with a grave pitying face.

"I could not under it," she continued; "no one was ever so puzzled. I could not help noticing his indifference and his reserve, but I thought that would all die away. Every day I was expecting to hear that he had had some reason for his coldness—some reason that had passed away. Every day I expected to hear the secret of his indifference. I hoped against hope—you see how frankly I am speaking Sir Raoul—and then I awoke to the sure and certain conviction that he not only did not love me, but that he absolutely disliked me."

"Poor child!" said the grave voice again.

"Yes, I was deeply to be pitied. I was sorry even for myself. What made it worse was that at that time I was beginning to care very much for my husband. If he had been kind to me, I should have loved him now"—and, stopping suddenly, she wrung her hands in terrible despair. "Now," she continued, "I dislike him—I almost hate him."

The beautiful face flushed hotly—the dark eyes were full of a strange light.

"I am alarmed at myself," she went on. "I did not know that it was within me—this power of hatred. I am so frightened that I am going away, Raoul. My patience has failed me."

"It it a sad story. Tell me, Hildred—why does your patience fail? I love Ulric—I love you; I can judge between you. Why does your patience fail?"

"I do not want to speak evil of my husband," she replied slowly; "the very fact that he has injured me should make me generous to him, the very fact that I dislike him should compel me to speak well of him. I love a noble foe."

"If you were a foe at all, you would be a noble one," he said; "but you are not. You may speak frankly, because you are speaking to one who loves Ulric Caraven in spite of his faults. Tell me honestly all about your dislike."

She was silent for some minutes, and the crimson leaves of the clove carnation fell one by one to the ground.

"I do not like speaking of it," she began. "You must see, Raoul, as well as I do—you must understand. How could any one help despising and disliking a man who lives for himself, who cares for nothing but his own pleasure, and leaves every duty neglected? How can I love a man who married me only for my money, despising me the while—who has not since marriage shown me the ordinary civility that a gentleman never fails to show to a lady? He is selfish, indolent—oh, Raoul, I do not like saying this, but if you saw his cruel neglect, his cruel oppression, if you knew how carelessly he leaves everything to John Blantyre, how heedless he is as to the claims of justice, you would be sorry for me!"

"I see," he replied quietly. "Now tell, me—I know you will speak quite frankly—do you see one redeeming quality amid all your husband's faults?"

She thought long before she answered him, and then she looked into his face.

"I am afraid not—I do not remember one. Yes, there is one. I have heard him speak falsely."

Sir Raoul's face cleared.

"Ulric was a truthful boy," he said. "Do you know of anything else in his favor?"

She thought again.

"I think," she replied, even more slowly, "that he is tender-hearted. He is not cruel; he does not like to see people suffer; he is cruel only to me."

"True in word and tender of heart—those are two good qualities; we know that he has a handsome face, an easy grace of manner, a musical voice. You see I am trying to discover his good qualities. I will tell you something else. He is a spendthrift—I do not deny it. He may oppress the poor on his estate—that I am sure is done unwittingly; but he has never yet refused to help a comrade in distress. Years ago, when I was a hard-working soldier, with nothing to rely on but my pay, if I would have borrowed, he would have lent me half his fortune. He is open-handed."

"Yes," she replied. Sir Raoul smiled.

"Listen again, Hildred. He has done all kinds of foolish, mad, senseless actions; but no one ever told of him that he had done a mean one."

"It was mean to demand rent from the poor widow whose husband was killed in his service."

"I am perfectly certain that John Blantyre has misled him," was the reply.

"It was mean to marry me for my money," she said, with flushing face.

"Ah, there I must yield! It was mean—it was, in one sense, the worst action of his life," said Sir Raoul. "Let us make a *resume*, Hildred. He is true in word, tender of heart; he was never cruel; he is open-handed; he has committed but one mean action; he is handsome and accomplished, well fitted to win the heart of any woman. Tell me—do you think it quite impossible to love such a character?"

"I can hardly tell," she replied slowly.

"I think that Ulric Caraven has in him the elements of a noble character, Hildred. Give to a sculptor a block of shapeless marble, and what does he fashion from it?"

"A beautiful statue," she replied.

"True. Given a shapeless mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, I say that a good woman from them can mould a beautiful character. Listen—I will tell you how."

He had drawn nearer to her, and the leaves of the crimson carnation fell at his feet; the western wind seemed to pause and listen—it fell with a faint subdued sigh.

"Listen," he repeated; and there was a grave, sweet music in his voice that overawed her. "Our lives, Hildred, are very much what we ourselves make them; your case is, I grant, an exceptional one—your fate has in some measure been decided for you; but your ultimate destiny lies in your own hands."

She murmured faintly that she knew it, and that she was unhappy in the knowledge. He went on.

"Your life lies before you now, divided into two paths. Granted that you have been victimized, that you have been married for your money, that you have been sold, as it were, for a title, that your girlish romance and your womanly tenderness have been alike outraged, that you have been deceived, persuaded that you could live happily without love, and that you find it all a mistake."

"Yes," she repeated, "all a mistake."

"Some girls in your place," he continued, "would revenge themselves. Having no home happiness to fall back on, having no home love, they would rush into excess of gaiety and flirtation. There are some who would do even worse than that—who would seek abroad the love they did not find at home—I speak quite frankly to you—but you are too good, too pure, too true to think or dream of such a thing."

She made him no answer; but Sir Raoul did not seem to heed that. He went on.

"You have borne your fate bravely as yet, but now you have tired of it; your courage and patience have failed—you have told me so, and I can plainly see that in your own mind you are seeking some means of escape. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered, "I must go away."

"That would be a commonplace ending after all, running away from your trouble. Hildred, I can see how you may make yourself a heroine—how you may rise from this, your girlish dissatisfied life, to the grandest heights of heroism. I see it, and, unless I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of your character, you will do it; it is better to die on the heights of heroism than in the depths of despair."

She looked at him with a gleam of interest in her face. She had been so long without hope that to be told she could be heroic awoke within her a feeling of wonder.

"There are two ways before you—that of fighting against your fate, rebelling with all your heart against it, and that of submitting to it and making the best of it. You may, for instance leave Lord Caraven. You have money in abundance, you could live either in England or abroad, you could have plenty of society—but you would never be happy. You might try to throw your whole heart and soul into the gaieties and frivolities of the world—they would tire you; you are too noble for that. Then the chances are that when you found all these things pall upon you you would want to lead the woman's true life, which is that of love. Of all fates that would be the most dreadful which could overtake you."

"I am not afraid of it," she replied slowly.

"So you think now; but I am one of those who believe that no woman can live without love. If you should ever, when the world has tired you and your heart ached with the weight of your loneliness, seek comfort or consolation in the love of any creature, your fate would be terrible. Picture yourself so situated—a woman beautiful, gifted, and brilliant; married, yet with no husband by her side; all duties of rank and position ignored; mistress of a home that she never saw; beautiful, yet miserable with the never-failing consciousness that she had run away from a life that might have been improved. It is a sorry picture for a noble woman, a sorry ending for a life that might have been heroic."

"Yes," she agreed, "a sorry ending."

"Now look on the other side—submission to your fate. Believe this—whether he knows it or not, every man is more or less influenced by a woman; every sensible man will own it—will own frankly that he owes the better part of his character to the influence of a noble woman."

She raised her eyes with wonder in their glance to his face.

"I thought," she said, "that men affected to despise the influence of women?"

"Not true men. You may take it as a safe rule for guidance that when a man rails against woman he is no gentleman. He may be a *parvenu*, a snob, an ignoramus; be sure of one thing—he is no gentleman. The first instinct of a gentleman is chivalry. The man who has none should lay no claim to that title. Believe me, Hildred, most great and wise men owe the greater part of their wisdom to the influence of good and noble women. It is the grandest influence in the world," —and the soldier raised his noble head proudly. "I need not quote history to you—you are better versed in it than I am. I need not quote biography or poetry, nor point to the man who said that he owed all his success in life to his mother, nor to the man who owned that he owed all his goodness to his wife. It is the same story. I feel inclined sometimes to think that the grandest of God's gifts to this fair earth is the influence of good and noble women."

His eyes brightened, his face flushed, he spoke like a knight of old. She looked up at him with wondering awe.

"You may run away and leave your home, Hildred; but that will be a commonplace ending. Do that which is nobler, higher, better—resign yourself, submit to your fate and make the best of it. As a handsome and noble woman use your influence with your husband to rouse him from his slough of despond into a higher life."

She was looking at him in sheer wonder.

"How can I influence Lord Caraven?" she asked.

"You can do it by patience and perseverance. Say to yourself that the task of your life shall be to make him a good man. Instead of running away from it, devote yourself to it. There is much said of women's mission—let that be yours; and surely there can be no higher or holier mission than to rouse an indolent man to a sense of his duty, a selfish man from his self-indulgence."

"But how could I do it, Raoul?" she asked.

"You could do it in some fashion. The well-being—nay, the very souls of men lie in women's hands. Here is a life-long task for you—a glorious mission, a noble work. Give your life to your husband—to the task of making him a good man and a useful member of society, a conscientious steward of great wealth, a just landowner; teach him how to be kind and just and merciful, help him to lead a fair and noble life. Could any woman wish for a more glorious task than this?"

Some of the light that shone on his face was reflected on hers.

"It would be a noble task," she said thoughtfully. "Could I accomplish it, Raoul?"

"With perseverance and self control that would amount to heroism you might," he replied. "You must be the sculptor who from a mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, must try to produce a perfect character."

"But," she said, half doubtfully, "he does not love me."

"That does not matter. I prophesy that he will love you in the end—that when you have roused his soul from its sleep it will turn to you naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun. Do you not foresee it, Hildred?" And an almost saintly enthusiasm shone on his face.

"It is possible, Raoul, but——"

"Nay, be brave. You must not even think of the word 'but.' You must be enthusiastic over it—nothing can be done without enthusiasm. You must give yourself up to it, as a missionary does to the conversion of the heathen, as a martyr does to his death. You must work for it, live for it, die for it. Have you the courage and the constancy for this, Hildred?"

The light was deepening on her face, the fire in her eyes. The passion of his words was beginning to tell upon her.

"I have both the courage and the constancy," she replied.

"Think of the difference in the ending," he said. "Imagine the Earl on his death-bed, tortured by the ghosts of those whom he has neglected, by the ghosts of duties left undone, ready to curse the young wife who, by flying from him and leaving him to his own device, had hastened his ruin, body and soul—picture that. Then fancy to yourself the Earl on his death-bed, blessing the dear wife, the noble woman who saved him from ruin, who woke his soul from its long sleep, who taught him how to live and to die. Could you hesitate for one moment between these two pictures?"

"No, not for one moment, Raoul. I do not hesitate—I will not hesitate. I will do my life's work."

"That is well said. You must resolve to overcome all difficulties—you say to yourself from the beginning that nothing shall daunt you. You will think that I am preaching to you; but, although I have been only a rough soldier, I have seen a great deal of life, and I have come to the conclusion that if women, instead of studying medicine, quarreling over votes, and attending public meetings, would devote themselves to cultivating the best qualities of their husbands, the world would be better than it is."

"Reforming their husbands instead of the British Constitution," put in Hildred, smiling. But he had spoken in solemn earnestness and could not understand her smile.

"I cannot tell you," he said gravely, "how highly I think of you for having made me this promise. When in the years to come I see the man whom I loved as a boy, esteemed, honored, and respected, I shall bless your name, even as he will."

A faint smile parted her lips.

"Raoul," she said, "you seem very certain as to my success. You have no fear that I shall fail?"

"No. Those who set to work with thorough good will seldom fail," he replied, and there was something in his quaint earnest simplicity which carried her with him.

"I do not say for one moment that you will have all plain sailing," he continued. "Indeed, frankly speaking, I know no man is easily turned from such fatal habits of self-indulgence as Lord Caraven has contracted—it is a work of time and patience, of almost infinite love. And you know my opinion of it," he went on; "it is the grandest of all missions that a woman can undertake. The apostle of the household has a task as exalted as that of the apostle of the heathen."

She pondered his words in silence broken only by the western wind, as it bent the heads of the roses, and shook the white acacia blossoms on to the grass.

It was Hildred who with a little cry broke the silence as she looked into Sir Raoul's face.

"We have forgotten one thing," she said; "we have decided that Ulric's reformation must be attempted, that it is a good thing to undertake, but you have not told me how it is to be set about."

"Your own instincts will tell you that. Will you let me speak quite freely to you, Hildred, and promise me that you will not be offended with one single word that I shall say?"

She raised her dark eyes to his.

"You are so good, Raoul," she cried; "that I am sure you could never displease me, say what you might; indeed, I look upon it rather as a luxury than otherwise to be scolded by you."

"This is not scolding. You ask me how you are to win your husband. I will tell you. We start from this point—that a great wrong has been done to you, but that you are too noble to seek revenge."

Her face cleared.

"I want no revenge," she replied.

"Good," said Sir Raoul; "a wrong has been done you, but you will not retaliate—you are even too willing to return good for evil. The first thing that you have to do, Hildred, is to lay aside that proud, injured, defiant expression that you always assume when your husband is near."

"Do I?" she asked in wonder.

"Yes; you are perhaps bright, animated, charming, when he enters the room, but the next moment you are like a woman turned to stone; a proud chill seems to come over you, to freeze you, your eyes grow cold, all the smiles die from your lips, you are as different in his presence as sunlight is from darkness."

"How can I help it, when I know that he does not like me?" she asked piteously.

"It is difficult, I admit, but heroism will do much. Now I know that such a manner upsets him; he does not like it. You may say that as he does not care for you your manner can make no difference."

"I should most certainly have thought so," was her reply.

"But you are wrong, Hildred; I have watched him very keenly, and I say that you are quite wrong. When you draw that cold mask over your face, you harden his heart against you."

"It is always hard for me," she said.

"Then you make it worse—I have seen it. When you are proud and defiant, he tries to show you that he does not care, that it is of no moment to him; he says things to you that he would never say if you were gentler. Shall I give you an example of what I mean? The other morning you were in my room; you had brought me some beautiful flowers—you were like an angel of goodness to me—your face was bright, your lips were smiling, your eyes glad. I was thinking to myself how fair and graceful you were, how above all women you were calculated to brighten a man's heart and his home. You were holding a spray of mignonnette in your hands, telling me how fragrant it was, and inventing all kinds of pretty fancies in connection with it. Ulric came in—you remember?"

She bent her head, and her face flushed.

"I do remember," she assented shyly.

"He saw the mignonnette in your hands and bent forward to look at it. 'It is the sweetest flower that blows,' he said. The cold mask in a moment fell over your face, and I saw you—mind, I saw you—throw the pretty spray away as though it had stung you."

She clasped her white hands with a pretty air of penitence.

"It was very wrong, Raoul, I know; I have no excuse."

"Then Ulric, in his turn, said something about 'ladies' airs' which you did not like. You swept out of the room; and the next time you met neither of you spoke."

"How closely you have observed me!" she said, with a hot flush on her face.

"Because I loved both you and Ulric so dearly," he replied. "Now for my illustration, Hildred. Suppose that, instead of throwing away the flower that he liked, you had looked up into his face and had said something gay or graceful or pretty; he would have returned a smiling answer, and all would have been well; and the next time you met he would have been even more smiling and you more kind."

"But, Raoul," she asked, "would that have been sincere? I do not feel kind or pleased—is it sincere to affect to be so?"

"You ought to feel kind—he is your own husband. All that I can say is that you should try to feel so, whether you do or not. Now begin this very day; throw off that stony mask forever. How is he to know what a tender soul is hidden by that freezing face unless you give him some chance of finding it out? Do not say to yourself that you will begin to-morrow or the day after—begin at once. Say to yourself that you will win him."

"Is it not unwomanly to seek for love which is not offered to you, Raoul?"

"It might be in a girl, it is not in a wife; I think a wife should aspire to win her husband, to make him win her with all his heart."

"Lord Caraven will never love me," she said. "I do not think he has any heart to give; it is all wasted—he has had a hundred loves."

"But not one real one, Hildred. If you win his heart, take my word for it, you will be his first love. We will take our stand on something higher. To win love is pleasant, but you shall not devote your life to that. You shall devote yourself to the rousing of a soul, naturally noble, but long buried in self-indulgence and folly; you shall spend your life in making the Earl of Caraven worthy of the name he bears. You have promised."

"I promise again," she replied.

"Ah, child, you know but little, after all, of what you will have to encounter! But a true soldier never deserts his post; he dies doing his duty. You will have many sore humiliations, many bitter hours of annoyance, many a contest with your own pride, but you will win in the end—of that I am sure—and we shall begin our new life, Hildred, to-day."

She had clasped her hands together, and she looked at him with piteous entreaty.

"I wish," she said, "that you would tell me what to do first. I could go on if I only knew how to begin."

He smiled gravely.

"Perhaps you would think my first lesson a very hard one," he said.

"I will do what you tell me, Raoul, let it be what it may."

"Then I shall suggest this. You wish to make a little advance—nothing very marked, but some trifling act of civility that will make amends, and show your desire to be what children call 'friends.'"

He did not know what an effort it cost her to say "Yes," but she did say it, and she meant it.

"Then this is what I suggest. It was about a spray of mignonnette that you displeased Ulric last. Gather some beautiful sprays of it, the finest you can obtain, and take them to him. Say quite carelessly, 'You admire mignonnette, so I have brought you this.'"

"And suppose," said Hildred, "he repays me in kind by throwing it away?"

"Never mind—courage and patience must be your watchwords. Ah, Hildred, after all, our likes and dislikes should have little to do with our duties! You will not be alone in your struggles; I shall watch over you, I shall help you, and sympathy is sweet."

She caught his hand and kissed it. He saw her face clear, and a bright earnest light shine in her eyes.

"Do you know, Raoul," she said, "that I feel happier now before I have begun. I did not like the thought of running away; there was something very cowardly about it. Now I shall never think of it again. I shall endure to the very end, I am happier even for the resolve. I have something to live for—

'Something to live for, life to begin;
Something to fight for, something to win.'

I must be more patient than patience itself. I must be humble; all vanity and self-esteem must leave me before I begin the task that you have set me. I must rise from the commonplace to the heroic, and say to myself, It is for the good of a human soul."

"Hildred, you do not know how often I have longed to speak to you about this," he remarked—"to help you, to advise you; and now that you have given me the privilege I shall not be slow to avail myself of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STREETS OF EGYPT'S CAPITAL.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt and the Arab world, is also a cosmopolitan capital of Mohammedanism and the East, second in importance only to Constantinople. It is the precise counterpart of Paris, London, and New York, the cosmopolitan cities of Christendom and the West. The great mass of its 400,000 inhabitants are Egyptian Arabs, and Mohammedans by faith. The rest are Copts, Turks, Bedouins, Jews, Italians, Greeks, French, Germans, English and a few Americans. The greatest charm of Cairo is the street life. It is a moving panorama of all nationalities, creeds, languages and costumes, with a strong preponderence of the Oriental and semi-barbarous element. It is a perpetual carnival, which defies description. The boulevards of Paris, London Bridge and New York Broadway cannot compare with it. The streets are alive with gaudily-dressed men and veiled women, water carriers, pedlers of all kinds of wares, braying donkeys, growling camels, barking dogs, horses and carriages—all jostling against each other in endless confusion. The crowd is so dense that it seems impossible to get through, and the noise so loud that you cannot hear your own voice. Every carriage is preceded by one or more fleet runners, crying to clear the way. The mosques are covered with carpets or rugs, for kneeling or prostration and a pulpit or reading desk, but have no seats, no benches, no altar, no pictures, and betray the iconoclastic character of Mohammedan worship, which consists simply of prayers and occasional preaching from the Koran. The Arab music is monotonous and dull.

AN ENGLISH EARL'S DUTIES.—When the Earl of Portland was in office as Groom of the Stole, (in 1689), the royal orders were published which thus described his office:—Our Gocom of the Stole, being present, is, by virtue of his place, to put on the shirt we wear next our body, evening and morning, or as often as we shall change our linen; and in his absence, the Gentlemen of our Bedchamber then in waiting; and one of the Grooms of our Bedchamber is to warm our shirt before the fire, and hold the same till we are ready to put it on, and then to deliver it unto our Groom of the Stole, and, in his absence, as before directed."

News of Interest

—Washington has penny lunches.

—They have six-pound rats in Kentucky.

—Paris eats a thousand horses a month.

—Strawberries are blooming in Florida.

—Kansas farmers offer to trade corn for coal, even up.

—Cincinnati hams meets steady sale in the French capital.

—A "Spinning Bee" is the latest announcement in Boston.

—In Denver, Colorado, greenbacks are held at a premium in gold.

—Russia has 12,000 miles of railway, nearly all built since 1868.

—All the scales in Cincinnati markets will hereafter be inspected daily.

—The silver three-cent piece, born in 1851, was designed to pay postage with.

—New York has a tin toy factory that makes ten million penny whistles a year.

—A saddle-rock oyster shell 12 inches long is exhibited by a New York dealer in bivalves.

—John Morrissey's health is so much improved that he has discharged one of his physicians.

—Five thousand pounds of artificial butter are manufactured daily in Pittsburgh, Pa.

—The Female Benevolent Society at Trenton, N. J., fifty-eight years old, was disbanded a few days ago.

—They are talking in Chicago of lighting the tunnels by electricity, and expect to make a great saving by it.

—A Nebraska man is fencing in a tract of land in Custer county sixty-five miles long and thirty miles wide.

—Three hundred dollars were found pinned in the dress-lining of a Norwalk, Conn., woman, who died recently.

—An act of the California Legislature, which has become a law, punishes as a felony the use of incendiary language.

—One cent per bushel makes a difference of $10,000,000 in the value of the annual crop of corn in the United States.

—A Washington correspondent says the President is certainly growing fat, as his coat wrinkles horizontally across the back.

—In 1876 the United States cultivated 540,457 acres in tobacco, with a yield of 381,002,000 pounds, valued at $28,202,968.

—Blankets are "the circulating medium" of the natives of Vancouver. The richest chiefs have them stored by the hundreds.

—Speaker Sheppard, of the South Carolina Assembly, wears a robe of black silk, trimmed with purple velvet, which cost the State $500.

—A man in Huron, N. H., has sued the dilatory lover of his daughter for $300 for room rent, fuel and lights during four years of courtship.

—Two children were poisoned the other day in St. Louis by eating colored candy. The bodies became purple after death, and the lips white.

—A Brooklyn dealer has obtained a judgment of $47 against St. Anne's Episcopal Church there for communion wine furnished the church.

—A temperance newspaper asserts that there are in this country 900,000 habitual drunkards, and of this number more than five per cent. are females.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis has been endorsing a colored man, Mr. S. Minor, for president of a Southern college, in opposition to several white candidates.

—A North Carolina man has been tried three times for stealing a five-cent spool of cotton, at an expense to the public of about $300, and isn't convicted after all.

—In a London hovel an old woman who had been receiving aid from a benevolent association has starved herself and kept about twenty cats in excellent condition.

—Americans are exporting coffins to London and putting them in the market at prices little more than half of those charged by Her Majesty's native undertakers.

—Francis Murphy, the temperance reformer, together with his son and daughter, called on the President and Mrs. Hayes Tuesday at the White House, and met with a pleasant reception.

—"It is rumored," says M. Labouchere, "from St. Petersburg, that the Czar is seriously indisposed, and is depressed with a presentiment of his approaching death. No Romanoff has lived beyond sixty, and he will be sixty in April."

—The practice of opium eating has increased enormously in Maine, and more morphine is sold in that State than in any other in the Union in proportion to population. This is said to be owing to the enforcement of the liquor law.

—Great is the force of habit. There is a "conservative party" at the Siamese Court who bitterly oppose the innovation suggested by the King, that courtiers shall no longer crawl on their stomachs in the royal presence.

—The Roman Catholic heirarchy in Ireland has forbidden any person to be present at wakes except the immediate relatives of the deceased; and no spirituous or intoxicating liquors are to be used on such occasions under penalty of the deprivation of the services of the priest.

—A new amusement is in vogue among Mexicans in San Francisco. They wind handkerchiefs tightly around the blades of their knives, leaving a quarter of an inch of the points bare. Then they fight with these weapons, and, although the wounds cannot be deep, they are often numerous and painful.

—Montreal and Chicago are the two cities most conspicuous for failures, Boston and Philadelphia for sneak thieves, Washington and Richmond for elegant Americans of African descent, New Orleans and Charleston for cotton, San Francisco and St. Louis for Chinamen, Baltimore and Norfolk for oysters.

—A "shoplifter" was arrested the other day in Paris who bore under his arm a very innocent-looking box, seemingly done up in paper and tied with a cord; but this box had a false bottom, opening and closing with a spring. Its owner would set it down on two or three small articles while pretending to examine something else, and when he took up the box again the articles that had been under it were inside it.

—Osman Pasha, the Turkish defender of Plevna, is treated with great deference. A sentinel stands at his house, two gendarmes are always at his orders, and there is an officer who waits upon him. His wound still troubles him, and he is generally of dull humor, although he often receives telegrams from Constantinople. The Sultan preserves for him all his dignities, and has ordered that his children be brought up at the public expense.

THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The library was gray with the deepening twilight, as the uncle and nephew entered it, and as Fritz stood, cap in hand, awaiting the expected communication, his face wore an expression of anxiety and disquietude The first idea that struck him was that Sara was ill, or that some terrible accident had befallen her; but as he looked in his uncle's face, scarcely able to restrain his impatience, the knit brow and angry expression about the mouth convinced him that the information he was to receive was on some very different subject, and not one of a pacific character.

It was seldom that Mr. Somers busied himself about the children's affairs. He considered his duty towards his family fulfilled when he had supplied the funds necessary for their comfort, and this he did with no sparing hand. He devoted most of his time to business; and the leisure hours he allowed himself were generally spent at his club. Sometimes, but not always, he partook of his meals at home; and on these occasions he would, perhaps, hold a pleasant chat with the family; but the government of the household and the training of the children were left entirely to his wife, in whose prudence and economy he placed implicit confidence.

It was owing to these circumstances that Fritz found himself entirely unable to conjecture why he should be the object of his uncle's evident displeasure. He was not, however, kept very long in suspense.

"Be seated, sir," said Mr. Somers, motioning him to a chair, as he threw himself upon a sofa. "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform, boy; one which gives me much pain, and yet it is highly necessary that I should not shrink from it."

Fritz started up in alarm from his chair, exclaiming:

"It is as I feared, then. Sara is ill, perhaps dying. Oh! Uncle Philip, you will kill me with suspense. Tell me the worst at once, and I will try to bear it as I ought."

"Calm yourself, Fritz. Sara is well. The trouble is not about her, and, remember, when I tell you the nature of the annoyance, that, although appearances are at present against you, you are not to be considered guilty of the offence until you are proved to be the criminal."

"Guilty?—proved to be a criminal? What is your meaning, uncle?"

"I am sorry, Fritz, that a shadow of suspicion should have fallen upon you, and I have no doubt of your being able to prove your innocence. Will you be good enough to tell me what you were doing here, at my desk, early this morning?"

The boy's ingenuous face was covered with blushes. He had gone to the library with his books, just as the day was dawning, and, when his lessons were all prepared, he had seated himself at his uncle's desk to make a calculation of the sum necessary to be expended on Sara's outfit. Would he now, after all, be forced to reveal to his unsympathizing uncle the secret he had guarded so faithfully? He hesitated to answer, until the question was repeated in an authoritative tone.

"Will you tell me what you were doing at my desk this morning, before anyone in the house, except yourself, had arisen?"

"It is nothing new for me to rise early to study my lessons, uncle," answered Fritz, "and I always come into the library, because all the books needed for reference are here."

"But the desk, boy, the desk! What were you doing at the desk? Come, make me an explicit statement at once."

"I was writing, uncle. Jotting down some figures; making a calculation."

"What kind of a calculation were you making?"

"Will you excuse me from disclosing the nature of it for a few hours?"

"No, sir. Not an hour, not a minute. There has been a large amount of money taken from a drawer, a secret drawer in my desk, which I unfortunately forgot to lock last night, and, as William found you writing beside it, when he came out of the room to attend to his duties, the natural conclusion is that possibly you may know something about the theft."

The transition from the buoyant hopes entertained by Fritz, as he came home, to the distress caused by his uncle's cruel speech, was too much for the excited boy to bear. Tears started to his eyes, and thoughts of his dead mother and his lost home thrust themselves upon him; but it was only for a moment. Strong in his conscious innocence, he advanced to his uncle's side, and, with a clear voice, and in a composed manner, he asked:

"Am I to understand, Uncle Philip, that I am suspected of having stolen your money?"

"I am sorry to say that you are. Will you be kind enough to hand me that package, of which you seem so careful?"

There was a feeling in Fritz's throat as if he were swallowing the whole chain of the Allegheny mountains, as he gave the package into his uncle's outstretched hand, saying:

"I obey you, sir, but as its contents are mine alone, you have no right to open it."

"I will take the responsibility," was the answer, and as with his penknife Mr. Somers cut the string, the beautiful blossom-colored silk fell in shining folds to the floor, followed by the delicately tinted gloves, and a dainty embroidered handkerchief trimmed with costly lace.

Mr. Somers made gestures of amazement as he surveyed the poor boy's treasures, but Fritz gained new courage at the sight of them.

"Uncle Philip," he said, with the truth of his assertion impressed upon every feature of his face, "I could not take your money. These things I purchased for my sister with money that I have been saving for her for a long time. I earned it all honestly myself, of which I can give you proof if you require it."

"Do you pretend to tell me, with the expectation that I will believe you, that you earned the money to buy all these costly things? You are telling me an untruth; and I had faith in you, Fritz."

As the boy was about to reply, the door of the library opened to admit Mrs. Somers and Russell.

"Look," said Mr. Somers, with a sneer on his face, "at these pretty things that Fritz has been buying for Sara."

Mrs. Somers held up her hands in horror, while Fritz stood calmly by, glancing fearlessly at each face in turn, that was looking with so much distrust upon him.

"This is the effect of taking beggars into your house, papa," said Russell. "I was always sure that no good would ever come of such a sneak as Fritz. Sara is no better. She is a girl, and afraid, or she would follow the lead of her charming brother."

Mr. Somers marked the indignant flush that spread over the face of Fritz at this mention of his sister's name, and, taking Russell by the shoulder, put him forcibly out of the room. Then, turning to Fritz, he said in a kind voice, for a tender feeling came into his heart, as the boy looked at him with his mother's eyes:

"I am sorry this unfortunate affair has happened, Fritz; but if you have been tempted, for your sister's sake, to take this money, own to the truth, and your fault shall not only be forgiven, but entirely forgotten also."

"Uncle Philip," he exclaimed, while his heart was throbbing with violent emotion, "you are a cruel, unfeeling man. I am not a thief, and I will not bear such imputations from anyone. If you believe such evil of me, it is time I had left the shelter of your roof."

Mr. Somers rose from the sofa.

"Begone from my presence," he cried, as he shook his clenched hand in the boy's face. "Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you hear from me."

Fritz took up his cap and went to the door. As he held it open, ready to depart, he thus replied to his uncle's command:

"I go, Uncle Philip, from your presence and from your house. I wish you a very good evening, sir, and hope your heart will not reproach you for your conduct towards the child you promised my dear mother to care for as your own."

The door closed, and the boy was gone.

Mr. Somers rushed to the street, but Fritz had disappeared. He called a servant, and ordered him to find the boy and bring him home.

"I have been rash," he thought. "Fritz may be innocent after all. The parcel of valuable goods was against him. It had a bad look. How else could he have obtained so much money? And now I recollect hearing he had been at work. The poor boy! What if I have done him injustice! I will go to Harriet and hear what she says about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kitty Clifton.

"It all seems so wrong, mamma," said Kitty Clifton, resolutely.

She had come home from Madame Guillaume St. Erme's "fashionable finishing establishment," the prettiest little rose of a seventeen-year-old blonde, that it is possible to imagine.

Tall and straight, with turquoise-blue eyes and a low, pearl-fair forehead, all festooned round with pale gold rings of shining hair, she made you think of the pictured Madonnas delineated by the marvelous pencils of the grand old masters on many a chancel wall and glittering-stained-glass window in foreign cathedral aisles.

Our Kitty was accomplished, too.

Madame Guillaume St. Erme, who really had a conscience, sweet-voiced Frenchwoman though she was, had seen to that.

She could recite Corneille by the page, chatter Italian as fluently as a native, play until you would think her white fingers a whole legion of fairies making music out of the ivory piano keys, and sing like a bird, to say nothing of the delicious little water-color pictures that hung round the walls and the exquisite embroidery that looked like sea-pearl and crystallized snow-drifts.

Verily, Kitty's two years at Madame St. Erme's had not been time spent in vain.

And now she had come home again—home to the quiet old house behind the cedars, where the furniture was so massive and old-fashioned, and the velvet carpets worn to the very warp.

For the Cliftons had been very rich once, and were poor now, yet they never forgot that they had been "the gentry" of the town which was now a thriving place.

And old Mr. Clifton, weak and decrepid, sat all day in his easy chair watching the sunshine play along the window-sill, and his daughter-in-law, Kitty's mother, darned the faded family linen, and turned her old silk gown in patient, much-enduring poverty—that "genteel poverty" which is so much harder to endure than any other shape.

"We are poor, mamma," persisted Kitty, "and grandpapa cannot have his wine, and your dear old black silk dress looks so shockingly rusty; and here I am, strong, and able to work, yet idling away the very best years of my life."

Mrs. Clifton's pale, aristocratic brow contracted a little.

"The Cliftons never have worked for a living yet, Kitty."

"Mamma, I would rather work than starve," responded the young girl, passionately.

"We have not yet come to that, my love, thank Heaven."

"But we shall do so, in ten years, if it is all outgo and no income. Don't contradict me, mamma, darling, didn't I win the first mathematical prize at Madame St. Erme's, and can't I calculate ways and means for myself? Oh, mamma, please let me give music lessons, or sell some of my flower pieces, or do embroidery, or ——"

"My child," said Mrs. Clifton, gently, "it is quite out of the question. Let the matter rest—we will certainly not anticipate evil ere it comes."

And Kitty did not venture to appeal from her mother's calm, yet firm, decision.

Yet it was none the less hard for her to sit by, with folded hands, and see the poverty which daily circled them round.

But she could divert the current of *ennui* in some degree by writing to school friends she had made at Madame St. Erme's—and of all her allies, Blanche Leslie was the dearest.

Miss Leslie was a pretty, black-eyed girl, who dwelt at the West End, and whose father, to use the ordinary expression, "rolled in gold."

And she and Kitty Clifton were "twin roses on one stem," so close and tender was their intimacy.

"The Leslies are a well-descended family, although he is in trade," said Mr. Clifton. "It will not demean Kitty to associate all she chooses with Herman Leslie's daughter.

And the old aristocrat, having issued his ukase, went back to his newspaper and gold eye-glasses.

"Oh, Kitty," said Blanche, as the pretty little blonde walked into her friend's boudoir one fine September morning, "I am in such a puzzle."

"What is the matter?" asked Kitty, serenely untying her bonnet strings.

"Why, my brother is coming from India with his three little children next week, and he has written us to have a capable governess in attendance on his arrival, and we can't think of a soul to fill the place."

"Write to Madame St. Erme," suggested Kitty.

"I have, and there happens to be nobody she can recommend just at present."

Kitty's eyes brightened suddenly, and a flush came to her cheeks.

"Blanche," she said softly, "do you think I should do?"

"You?"

"Yes—I have always wanted to do something to—to earn a little money, and you know Madame said I was one of her best pupils; I couldn't stay in the house, but I could come in the morning, you know."

"Oh, it would be splendid," cried Blanche, clasping her hands. "I know the little things would love you, but—your grandfather?"

"Grandpapa and mamma must not know," said Kitty, resolutely. "Indeed, Blanche, I think I could teach them, and I would try my very best."

"George says he is willing to give a hundred a year to a competent governess," said Blanche, "and——"

"A hundred a year!" Kitty clasped her hands together delightedly. "Oh, Blanche, I should feel like a millionaire."

And the two young girls laughed and cried on one another's shoulders.

It was agreed that Mr. Clifton and his daughter-in-law were to be pacified with a story about duets and flower-painting, and reading Dante, between the school friends, and that to all others the matter should be a secret as profound as the grave.

"It's like the heroine of a novel, exactly," cried enthusiastic Blanche.

"It's a great deal better, I am sure," said Kitty. "Only think how much good I can do at home on the sly, with a hundred a year. I can pay the servants their back wages, and supply grandpapa's wine cellar, and get mamma a new dress, and, oh, ever so many things. It will be so nice."

Mr. Leslie, a tall, handsome man of two or three and thirty, was a little surprised when his sister introduced him to the new governess.

And when Kitty had gone to get acquainted with the three chubby-faced little Indian children, he lost no time in expressing his feelings.

"Why, Blanche, she is a regular beauty."

"Of course she is," said Blanche, proudly. "We were at school together at Madame St. Erme's."

"But she is a mere child."

"I beg your pardon," said Blanche, demurely. "She is seventeen and a half."

"And Mr. Clifton's granddaughter. Blanche, it does not seem right," said George, who knew of the olden-time state of the Cliftons.

"Don't be a goose, George," said his irreverent sister. "The children will love her dearly, and it will all be so nice. And remember, it's a great, great secret."

"Have your own way, then," said her brother, laughing; "only you girls are the most unaccountable creatures I ever knew."

So, for three sunny months the governess plan went smoothly on, Kitty coming every day, and Mrs. Clifton congratulating herself that Kitty was keeping up her music and Italian with Blanche Leslie, and amusing herself so well.

"It would have been very stupid for her here at home," said the unconscious little matron; "and the Leslies are very good associates for her."

But the smoothest stream is destined, sooner or later, to come to a stony angle; and Kitty's life was no exception to the ordinary rule.

Mrs. Minkerton, gossip-in-ordinary to the whole neighborhood, somehow sniffed out the fact that Kitty Clifton was teaching the little Leslies, and she called straightway on Kitty's mother.

"A queer freak this of Miss Kitty's turning governess," she said, rubbing her lavender-gloved hands together.

Mrs. Clifton opened wide her faded blue eyes.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Minkerton," she said, coldly.

"Dear me," cried the lady; "didn't you hear she was governess at the Leslies, to those little East Indian children that Mr. George brought here last spring?"

And she fairly enjoyed the gentle widow's surprise, discomfiture and mortification.

"A sly puss that Kitty Clifton must be," she said to herself, as she sailed off in rustling satins and perfumed folds of Indian shawl, to spread the tidings miscellaneously elsewhere.

Kitty's eyes were swollen and humid with tears the next morning when she came, as usual, at ten o'clock.

Mr. George Leslie, who somehow of late had grown into the habit of superintending his children's daily lessons, looked at her with surprised dismay.

"Miss Clifton, you have been weeping."

"Because I must part with you all," said Kitty, bursting into fresh tears. "Mamma has found it out—and—and she says I cannot be the children's governess any longer, and I was so happy here."

"And you must not leave us," said Mr. Leslie, rising and advancing toward her. "Kitty, I cannot part with you, nor can the children. If you cannot remain as governess, you must as my wife. Don't shrink or blush, Kitty; you cannot have been here, day after day, without beginning to suspect that I loved you."

And Miss Clifton had to own that she had vaguely suspected something of the kind.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Minkerton, "it is quite like a romance in real life. So young Leslie, the widower, is going to console himself with pretty Kitty Clifton, and this is the upshot of the governessing business. But all the same," she added, nodding her head mysteriously, "I don't like double dealing, and I dare say Miss Kitty foresaw the whole thing when she first took the idea of helping the family along in so very disinterested a manner."

But what cared golden-haired Kitty Clifton for the venomous tongues of all the Mrs. Minkertons in creation?

She was happy and George Leslie was happy, and life lay before her one bright vista of sunshine.

Mrs. Minkerton might croak all she pleased.

IGNORANCE IN ITALY.—It appears that 50 per cent. of the marriages celebrated in 1876 in Italy were between people neither of whom could write their names. In some of the southern provinces the average is as high as 88 per cent. of the marriages; in Tuscany it is over 42 per cent; in Rome nearly 40 per cent.

AUBER, BEETHOVEN, BACH.

Auber, a French composer, died in 1871, aged eighty-nine. Some of his most popular operas are "Fra Diavolo," "Black Domino," "Crown Diamonds," etc. He composed a march for the opening of the World's Exhibition, at London, in 1862, and his musical labor ended only with his life. The characteristics of his compositions are sprightliness and grace, with clearness and simplicity in dramatic effect.

Beethoven, a German composer, died in 1827. His musical compositions are almost innumerable; masses, sonatas, trios, symphonies, operas, etc. The sweet and touching strains of Fidello, who can ever forget? But the strange, deep sorrow that shadowed his life, precluded his even hearing them himself, save in the mysterious orchestra of his own thoughts.

We may almost consider this as the cause of the profound depth of sentiment, feeling and passion, which is the leading characteristic of his music. In a letter to a friend he paints his own suffering in these expressive words. "I can truly say that I pass a wretched existence. I shun society, for it is impossible for me to say to people, 'speak louder, for I am deaf!' At times I determine to rise superior to it; but how can I proclaim the weakness of a sense which I ought to possess in a far higher degree than others. For me there can be no recreation in social intercourse; no joining in a refined and intellectual conversation; no mutual outpourings of the heart with others. What humiliation when a companion hears a distant flute, but I hear nothing; or listens to the song of the herdsman, and I hear no sound. Such incidents have brought me to the verge of despair. A little more and I had put an end to my life. One thing only, *art*, has restrained me." And *art* was his companion, his friend, his love; and he knew no other, but died unmarried at the age of fifty-seven.

Bach is a name very celebrated in the musical world. In no department of science or art has any one family achieved such distinction. It numbers more than fifty individuals whose lives extend over a period of two hundred and twenty-five years. Johann Sebastian Bach was contemporaneous with Handel. He had ten sons, all fine musicians, and Mozart said of one of them, that for all his knowledge of music, he was indebted to him.

ANTIQUITY OF NURSERY RHYMES.—Many of these productions have a very curious history, if it could only be traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature; as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Kimbault gives us the following particulars as to well-known favorities:—"Sing a Song of Sixpence," is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice," is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse," was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice," dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down." is of unfathomed adtiquity.—"Boys and Girls come out to Play," is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written, and "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" are of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner," is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket," is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

THE PARIS BON MARCHE.—The Bon Marche, one of the great ladies dress furnishing establishments of Paris, France, is probably the largest of its kind in the world. 1,800 persons are attached to it, 1,600 being men and 200 being women. Many of them live in the building, and everything seems to be done for their comfort. There is a gymnasium where 100 out of the 1,600 men box and fence twice a week. There are a library, a billiard-room, a barber's shop, a *salon* with piano, a band of 120 and a chorus of 200, a reunion once a year, a house physician, a hospital, and free evening lessons in English, German, vocal and instrumental music, with lectures on scientific, historical, and literary subjects. Where are provided free by the proprietor M. Boucicaut. 2,500 letters are received daily and fifty persons accomplish the reading of them in two hours. Then, about 1,500 letters are written in reply, and 2,000 packages are distributed daily in Paris alone. Sales to the extent of over $11,000,000 take place yearly, half of which comes out of American pockets.

INSECT LIFE.—Insects, generally, must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily—imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver, and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from gum or censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for a night in the fold of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a clear dew-drop, and to fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

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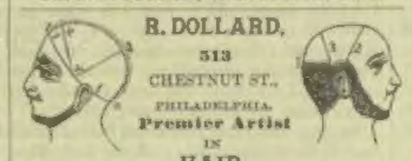

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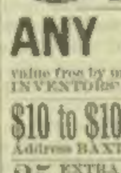

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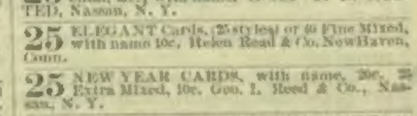

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THE HOPEFUL PARTING.

BY A. H. G.

Faith and courage live in trial,
Hope is strong as it is crossed,
Patience conquers long denial,
Love still loves when it has lost.
Ever the steadfast soul—defiant
Of the adverse might of things—
Rises up supreme, reliant,
Smiting other with her wings.

Not in fortune nor in season
Doth it lie to bring dismay,
When the heart sustained by reason
Out of night compels the day,
Not a parting though in sorrow,
Not a threatening of the pain,
Shall prevent the long, glad morrow—
Love and I shall meet again.

With strong prayers that take fruition
Lingers thus the tearless bride;
Though she strains her constant vision
O'er the troubled, lengthening tide,
Till she peers beyond the glory
Of the ocean like a seer,
And her heart has read the story
Of all *he* will do and dare.

Autumn winds that loose her tresses,
And light errant flecks of foam,
Seem but shadowy caresses
Borne from his far floating home,
Present sad to future golden
Turns, for Time hath naught to prove;
For she *knows* his hand is holden,
Save for honor, her, and love!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

IV.

It was but too true that the door was fastened from the outside. The terror of the women upon hearing this announcement gave way almost immediately to a species of despair. Strange to say, they made no reply to the startling speech of Henry, but sat still, with clasped hands and dejected countenances. Then Henry, after wrestling with the knob in a desperate endeavor to force the door, rushed towards them, and cried:

"The door is fast! But, by Heaven, we will solve the riddle! Come, girls, come! The back sitting-room door is open, and thence we can reach the back stairway! Come on!"

Miranda made no reply. She merely nodded a faint acquiescence and followed mechanically, her arm linked in that of Esther.

Henry caught up the now nearly expiring taper and led the way.

"Have we a lamp or candle up here?" he asked.

"No," answered Miranda; "but there is one at the foot of the back stairs, I think."

They entered the other sitting-room, and after a few seconds passed in examining the state of affairs there, and finding nothing disturbed in the least, they bent their steps toward the staircase.

Passing down stairs they came into a cosily furnished dining-room, where a faint fire was still flickering in the grate. The long dining table was still covered with chaotic remnants of the night's feast, and the tall silver *epergne* in the centre of the table, still supported the fragrant bouquet of conservatory roses, that had graced it only a few hours before.

Nothing seemed to have been disturbed here.

The first thing Henry did upon entering this room was to touch the nearly extinguished taper which he carried to the wick of a slender wax-candle that stood on the table, and the genial radiance now revived their spirits like a spring sunbeam.

"This is the way, this is the way!" cried Miranda, eagerly, as she made a move toward the doorway, and caught hold of the knob.

"This is the way to freedom!"

But an instant afterwards she added in a lower tone, and with a strange calmness of manner;

"It seems this door is also locked; we are besieged!"

"By the deuce himself!" cried Henry, with a muttered growl that sounded like an oath.

"Hush!" said Miranda; "surely this door was wide open when we came down to look for you and Louis?"

Esther, who had hitherto been so silent and sad, so utterly unnerved and hopeless, now said:

"I will find Louis, or die! I must find him! Ghosts or ghouls cannot stop me!"

"We have plenty to do," said Henry. "Find Louis, find who locked the doors, find why they are locked, find why Kate doesn't answer, find the demon knows what! A nice job!

"Is there no way to get to the other part of the house?" queried Miranda.

"I have it," said Henry, after a moment's reflection.

"I have it! Eureka! Run through the yard and come in by the back door, which was left unlocked when I dashed in out of the cold. Hey! How's that for an idea?"

"Splendid!" cried Miranda.

Henry continued:

"You see I can go out through the kitchen there, and in the twinkling of an eye I'll be around in the hall-way and have this door open before you have time to cry, 'Oh! gracious goodness!'"

"But what if the hall door is bolted?" interrogated Esther. "Did we not bolt it after you came in? I'm sure we did."

"Nonsense," answered Henry. "You pretended to bolt it, but you were so frightened that it was only a pretence."

"I hope so," returned Esther; "but what if the key is not in the lock of this door when you get around on the other side?"

"More obstacles suggested," said Henry, laughing. "What next?"

"The key may not be there?"

"That's a conundrum," said Henry. "But if that's the case all the keys may not be out, and we can get up stairs if we like, I'm sure, and then if the worse comes to the worst, I can force the door. I'll try it anyhow! Come, let's in to the kitchen!"

The candle now took the place of the extinguished paper, and Henry carried it with him into the kitchen.

All of a sudden Esther gave a scream.

"What in the name of the fiend himself is the matter?" shouted Henry.

"Look, look!" cried Esther, holding up something which she had picked from the floor, and which she regarded with a pale, terror-stricken countenance.

"Well what of it? One of my slippers!" Henry returned.

"No, no! One of Louis' slippers!" she said, with a convulsive effort to suppress her emotion. "God! what has become of him? He must be near here! He must be!"

"I tell you it's my slipper!" said Henry, snappishly.

"No, Henry," answered Miranda; "it belongs to Louis by right of possession. You remember he put on your slippers when he came in!"

"So, so!" cried Henry, now thoroughly aroused. "How the deuce did that come here!"

"It is certainly a trace," said Miranda: "and the fact is this maze becomes deeper and deeper! Such a grotesque running up and down stairs I hope never to see again. Louis has certainly been here, and may even now be here!

"Louis, Louis!" shouted Esther at the top of her voice.

No answer.

"See the cellar-door is open!" said Henry.

"Yes, of course," replied Esther; "didn't we leave it open when we hurried up to rescue you?" said Miranda.

"I thought we had closed it!" sobbed Esther. "Oh, angels of Heaven have pity on us all. Fancy poor dear Louis with all his nervous ideas and superstitions in the snare of some strange, monstrous incubus, that holds demoniac sway even now over all of us. God help him!"

"Less talk, more work!" said Henry, nervously, as he began lugging at the bolts of the kitchen-door leading into the yard. "You girls go back into the dining-room and stay there till I open the door for you. I'll not be a second."

"Oh, Henry! if you love us, please—please do not keep us here alone any longer than you can help!" cried Miranda, seizing his arm.

"Pah! pah! I won't be an instant. Let me go!"

"But one word, Henry, dear Henry," she pleaded, still holding on to him, and looking into his eyes with a love glance. "Remember you are going out into the *unknown!* Remember you know not what traps and pitfalls are in your way in the deep darkness yonder. Reflect! Do not go! We will stay here till morning and defy these wierd circumstances. Come, think! You are going out into the cold and snow, into the fury of the storm. Do not venture, stay with us!"

She was glowing with actual earnestness, and her love for this brave man had roused a desperate energy of purpose in her heart to save him. He was nearer to her soul than ever.

His sister Esther was so indifferent, so strangely indifferent to his sacrifice of himself in strange places, that he for the moment wondered why she loved Louis better than she loved him, and thought it one of the deepest mysteries of this mysterious night; this lovely woman who saw nothing of supererogation in his venturing to find her beloved one, and who would have bitterly reproached him had he not ventured.

"Come!" said Henry; "be not alarmed. As I say, I shall only dive around the corner and have you out in a jiffy. Then we'll see our way clear to put things to rights, for I'm heartily as anxious as you are, girls, to get rid of this worry, and I could even now tumble fast asleep with dead weariness! Good bye."

"Stay," exclaimed Miranda. "We will go with you."

"Never!" cried Henry, pausing in the act of opening the kitchen-door. "Never! Why do you think of such a thing? Venture out into the snow and cold when all you have to do is to remain here, keep quiet and wait until I run round and open the dining-room door. Then you can escape. If I cannot get the hall-door open, I'll come back. If I can I'll soon have that dining-room door open. I tell you. Keep quiet; don't be alarmed. Sit down there near the range and remain in good spirits till you hear me call in the hall-way; but as for following me, trash!"

Saying this Henry opened the door and darted from them like a flash, and disappeared around the angle of the house.

As Henry anticipated, he found the yard door of the hall unfastened, and in a moment more was groping his way, as fast as he was able through the deep gloom of the Hall, towards the dining-room.

Then he hesitated a moment and listened. Everything was quiet. He made a step forward and listened again. All was silent. Then he felt his way up to the dining-room door, and fumbled about the panels for the knob, and having found it, began feeling for the key, which ought to have been in the lock.

The key was gone!

Then Henry called out: "Say, girls, it's just as you said! The key's gone! Say Essie! Essie! Miranda!"

There was no reply.

He knocked at the door vigorously, and whistled and shouted, but no sign of life—no echo came from within.

He was amazed, dumbfounded, half-crazed!

He did not know what to think.

He reproached himself for leaving the women alone

"They have perhaps followed me! No, no!" he thought to himself, "they have gone upstairs again. What's that? A shriek! Oh, my God! what has happened?"

He applied all his powerful strength to the door.

He dashed himself against it, and his heavy weight came upon the panels with a shivering force.

Then he had an idea of retracing his steps and going back by the way he came, to see what was the matter. Then he thought he heard a footstep.

He was very nervous.

Again he hurled himself against the weakening door like a madman, he was so utterly anguished.

He shouted again to the girls, but there was no answer.

He wrestled with the knob, and kicked against the panels. He felt that the door was yielding. He was frenzied. He ran off a few rods, and came with a terrible bound upon the trembling door.

It was giving way.

"Essie! Essie!" he screamed with a voice dissonant through terror. "Miranda! Miranda!"

And, with all his might, he made one more dash at the shivering panel, and with a crash the frame work gave way, and the light of the candle streamed out into the passage way.

Then Henry started back stunned at the sight of a figure in that room that came on him so suddenly, and of such weird appearance, as to freeze the blood in his veins and send a creeping chill through him like a touch of electricity.

But the apparition vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

Then, again, he heard a foot-fall in the entry.

"Who's there?" he cried.

Unnerved—trembling—half mad, he stared, like a man in a delirium, through the break in the door; he gasped—he moaned:

"Who's there?"

He did not dare to turn his eyes into the gloom of the hall-way.

And at the same instant he felt a strong hand laid on his shoulder from behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

—A Coal Combination—Slate.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The fashions introduced for each season vary but little each week, and we look for fresh novelties more among the charming fantasies which Fashion designs for the pretty accessories of our dress, by which it is varied with taste and effect.

As this is the season when we are all perplexed and full of conjectures as to what will be the "coming fashion," it would not be amiss to mention a few of the hints which are dropped here and there by some of the rumors which Fashion has flying about, and by the very pretty shadows which are cast before, there is every promise of some very charming coming events in the changes of dress, to come with the change of season.

For plain toilettes for street and home wear, fancy wool materials will continue in favor, silk being used for the underskirt and trimmings, and for walking the short costume is gaining so in popularity it will, without doubt, be a decided feature during the coming season. Embroidery is still as conspicuously popular. Turkish, Chinese and Indian designs are used, but still, full scope is given to one's taste and ingenuity, so that every design is in favor; when embroidery is not worn on the dress, it appears on the trimmings, and for ball dresses there are bands of white crepe lisse exquisitely embroidered in silk, in such designs as forget-me-nots and roses, pink and blue convulvuli, and another in small wild flowers. These sell for $1.50 and $2.50 a yard.

As an indication of the continued popularity of embroidery, the counters already show Hamburg work in cardinal, blue, etc., suitable for trimming white muslin, or colored percales. The materials for spring and summer wear show the same combination of colors and the rough surface which were so marked in the winter goods; the plain sombre tints are used only for the background, on which the tufted design is carried out in brilliant colors; shades of moss green myrtle and a dull dark red and blue are prominent; the delicate light tints have tufts of light and dark colors in pretty contrasts; a pale blue ground has raised threads of olive green; cream color has tufts of dark red and blue. Other materials show colored threads in a small check design, exquisitely combined. In silk and wool materials suitable for overdresses the most artistic effects of colors are produced, forming an irregular raised design.

Shot silks will be worn, and armures will have stripes in various colors, such as old gold, moss green, and pale blue, on a plain ground. In cheap materials, which appear every season made of cotton and wool, the same pretty effect of the richer and more expensive materials is simulated; the ginghams, percales all show the decided popularity for combined colors, representing a rough, tufted surface; organdies retain the exquisite designs of flowers on a pale tinted surface. With the figured percales and ginghams, plain material will come suitable for the underskirt and general foundation of the dress.

With these few hints it is evident that color will perform the same important part in Fashion's coming designs as it has in the artistic combination of the lovely colors which came for spring and summer use. But as we must still content ourselves with the materials and designs suitable for the present season, we will resume the discussion of what is worn now. As I have had many queries about pretty morning dresses, or wrappers, I think the following will prove desirable models:

The materials for one is a fancy striped woollen fabric in drab and brown, with lines of cardinal and gold. The shape is a plain princess, with a plastron or front of brown silk extending from the neck to the feet; a quilling of brown silk borders this each side and around the neck. The bottom of the dress is slashed at intervals, about six inches high, and a pleating of silk is inserted in the opening; the sleeves are of silk with cuffs of the striped material. Buttons all the way down the front are embroidered with gold and cardinal silk.

Another model having a more dressy effect is of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with Torchon lace, and made in the princess shape. The bottom is trimmed with a narrow plastron, with a row of Torchon insertion headed by a band of blue silk; a row of insertion and lace is put on to simulate a Louis XV. jacket in front, and terminates at the side with large bows of blue silk or ribbon, blue buttons down the front.

Another model which is suitable for home wear, is of a prune-colored cashmere with silk of the same shade and a light blue silk. The dress is cut in the princess shape with a plastron front extending all the way down of alternate folds of the cashmere and prune silk; the cashmere fronts each side, being cut out in small Van Dyke points, piped with pale blue silk; the bottom of the dress, each side, is cut out in points, piped with blue and a prune silk pleating underneath, a second row of points and a pleating. The train is cut in points piped with blue, with a prune silk pleating underneath, the points and pleating extend up the sides to meet a pocket on one side and a bow of prune and blue silk on the other. The sleeves are trimmed with a prune silk cuff cut in points and piped with blue, and a pleating of prune silk underneath.

Feathers are more popular than ever; on hats and bonnets, as a matter of course, they are worn, but also on dresses and mantles. Ball dresses are to be trimmed with feathers that have been dipped in silver and gold baths; marabouts are in great favor, particularly the pale blue and pale pink ones. I have already alluded to the monster pins that are seen on bonnets trimmed with feathers; these so-called *epingles de nourrice* are now worn for headdresses, and the newest coiffure of this sort is called the Russian headdress. It consists of a coronet of three plaits, in which five large pins with monster ball heads are studded. For blondes jet pins are used; for brunes pale tortoise shell and dead gold are more becoming.

Kid bonnets have had their day and are passing out of fashion, but they will not be regretted, for they were never pretty. Capotes of drawn satin to match the dress, and capotes made of row upon row of narrow black lace are more popular. A celebrated modiste is making *capotes coquillages* formed of a quantity of narrow black lace, which are most becoming. She ornaments them with a Princess of Wales aigrette, composed of three feathers. Pink aigrettes are worn for calls; white aigrettes powdered with gold for the theatre, and black aigrettes for the streets. Double-faced satin ribbons are now in vogue for making up bows that are worn at the throat or in the hair. The ribbons are about an inch wide, and two or three colors are clustered together. Pale pink is combined with garnet, olive brown with pale blue, moss-green with pink, cream with cardinal. The new Worth bow for the hair consists of six stiff narrow loops strapped tightly in the centre, showing the same combination of colors as the bow at the throat.

Waistbands for the front of dresses that have princess backs are so popular that they are now added to princess polonaises. Some of the latter have a belt of the same material, set in at the first dart, and this belt is so wide that three or four large buttons are required to fasten it. In other polonaises the belt commences under the arms.

We will now leave the subject of dress and devote the rest of our space to the discussion of the various matters which belong to

Our Fireside Chat.

Fancy work will again take the precedence before our circle, as I find that the majority of my readers show a decided preference for this subject, so I will begin with the answer to *Roma's* inquiry about

Fancy Screens.—I saw a folding screen prettily arranged a short time ago. The background was of pale blue paper, and the scraps were put on in diamond pattern all over, leaving a diamond of blue paper between each group. An outline of gold paper not half an inch wide, around each. The frame was of black unpolished wood with a narrow band of gold inside. Black or dark red paper would be effective if covered in the same way with scraps. The scraps were of all sizes, very neatly filled in. I have also seen a screen with a background of gold paper, and the scraps put on in three rows of diamonds, joining each other the whole length. Between each point of the diamond was a bright-colored butterfly, and a butterfly pasted here and there on the gold background. The diamond must be just sketched out at first, and the pictures fitted in.—*Crazy.*

Toilet Cushion.—About twenty inches in circumference is the usual size for the pin-cushion your correspondent desires. She must cut two circles four inches and a half larger in muslin to allow for turnings and stuffings, and then out of the centre of both cut a circle of six inches from the two pieces together round the inner and outer circle, all but one small aperture, through which she must carefully stuff it with worsted wool stuffing, hot wadding or sawdust. I find it a good plan to complete the inner circle, and then place a small tumbler within to keep it in form while the stuffing is completed. When the shape had been made right, the foundation must be covered with pale pink or blue muslin or silk, and then with white muslin; round this some lace slightly frilled should be sewn at the edges, and the outer one surmounted by ribbon ruching and bows.—*Homespun.*

Draping Bracket Shelves.—I have just finished two shelves in my bedroom which I think will prove pleasing suggestions to young housekeepers. The shelves are placed one above the other, the upper one smaller than the lower, and both are made of white pine. I covered them first with blue cambric and then with white Swiss, and on the edge tacked a flounce of antique lace over blue muslin, cutting the edge of the muslin out in points to match the lace. I finished the top off where I fastened the lace with narrow black velvet studded with gilt-headed nails.—*Sunflower.*

Toilette Covers.—I don't know whether "Young Housekeeper" wants a very fanciful and expensive toilette cover, or one more simple. I saw one recently finished which I thought very pretty and suggest it to "Young Housekeeper." It was made of white Java canvas which comes with a large check design, and in each check a design was worked, flowers alternating with some geometrical design; the flowers were in single sprays; for instance, in one was a daisy with a yellow centre, in another a few forget-me-nots, and the rest had other small flowers; the edge was fringed and the colors of the embroidery in worsted tied on at intervals.—*Embroideress.*

Macrame Lace.—I have been making some of this lace or knotted fringe, and derived all my information from a book on the subject, which I think Chopsticks will find very clear.—*Nimble Fingers.*

—A book is published by the manufacturer of the thread used for making the fringe, and I will forward it to anyone wishing it on receipt of the price, which I think is 25 cents.—*Ed.*

Straw Garden Cuffs.—I have just made a very pretty catch-all with a "straw garden cuff," which I know Fanny will like enough to copy. The cuffs are only ten cents a pair. I worked a wreath of daisies and forget-me-nots with a few green tendrils around the centre and made a small bag of blue silk which I gathered on to the smallest end of the cuff. Above this I sewed a quilling of blue ribbon, and another quilling on the top edge, and finished it with a loop of blue ribbon. They are very pretty worked in geometrical figures in which one can use odds and ends of worsted and silk.—*Old Subscriber.*

Cloud.—Has Knitter ever tried the following directions for making a cloud?—*Knitting Needle.*

Cast on 50 stitches with white Berlin wool on thick wooden pins, knit 3 plain rows then join on white Shetland wool, knit 2 rows, knit 2 rows alternately Berlin and Shetland till length required, knit 3 Berlin at the end, cast off, and put bows of ribbon at each end; knit with the two balls.

Table Covers.—In answer to inquiry for something pretty, I think the one I have just finished would please your correspondent. I used a dark blue cloth, but any color would do. I selected some colored pictures representing Turkish and Chinese figures of men and women and laid the tiny pieces of cloth on the figures, matching the colors, so as I could carry out the design and then worked them over in silks corresponding in color to the pieces of cloth. When finished the figures were perfectly transferred to the cloth. I placed one in each corner and one between, and the effect was very pretty, and I think will be found quite an easy method of making an effective table cover.—*E. M. H.*

In answer to *Country Girl's* inquiry for a recipe for tea cakes, and *Good Eater's* inquiry, I give the following:

I think *Country Girl* will be much pleased if she tries the following recipe for breakfast or tea cakes. I can warrant them, as I have used the recipe, and know from experience that it is good: Two pounds of flour, quarter pound of butter, three potatoes boiled and mashed, one gill of yeast, one saltspoon of salt. Rub the flour, butter and mashed potato together, and add the salt, yeast, and enough milk to form a dough. Set them to rise in the morning, and in the evening make them into small cakes. Place them on buttered tins, and when they are light bake them in a quick oven. If they are wanted for breakfast, set them to rise at night.

If *Good Eating* will send me a good recipe in return, I will be delighted to give my recipe for Oyster Omelet:

Whisk six eggs to a thick froth, then add, by degrees, one gill of cream. Beat them together, season the egg with pepper and salt to taste. Have ready one dozen fine oysters; cut them in half, pour the egg in a pan of hot butter, and drop the oysters over it as equally as possible, fry it a light brown, and serve hot. An omelet should never be burned. Be sure to have cream—not milk, as it is much richer, and does not cost much more, as only one gill is used.

Can any of your readers give me directions as to how pretty brush and comb boxes are made? And would any of them also oblige me by giving a description of a pretty, comfortable and inexpensive wrapper, for one who wants to be neat and comfortable, but not look "dowdy," as the saying is. I wish to tell you that I think the Fireside Chat is just the most agreeable and pleasant little column in the whole paper. It is what I always look eagerly for, and read first. It is cheerful, interesting and instructive, and gives one a pleasant opportunity to correspond, and by so doing receive the required information. The answers are always prompt and satisfactory. Hoping mine will be in next week's Post, I shall eagerly look for it.—*Home Helper.*

Emma would like suggestions for making a sofa blanket—not crochet or knitting.

Etak would like suggestions for crotcheting a sofa or carriage blanket.

Farmer's Wife asks if any of our readers can tell her about re-heeling stockings for little ones that will wear great holes in their stocking heels.

Economist would like to know how to do up black lace.

Village Girl—Can any of your readers give me some useful hints on fancy work? There are so many pretty things to make if one only has some directions, and, as I live in a small country village, I don't see much that is new, and am tired of crochet.

Potato Pone and Rice Waffles.—In answer to *Down East's* inquiry for the above, I am pleased to send the following recipes, which we have always used in the South:

Rice Waffles.—Boil some hominy and rice until very soft; take a pint of each and beat them well together, a pinch of salt, a quart of milk, beating the rice, hominy and milk thoroughly, then add four eggs well beaten, a little wheat flour to make the proper consistency to bake.

Sweet Potato Pone.—Grate about six good raw sweet potatoes, add a quarter pound of butter, a little lard (two tablespoonfuls) and spice, with ginger, allspice, cloves to suit the taste, molasses in the same proportion as for a cake. Bake in a pan in the oven until thoroughly brown on the top.

Will *Down East* send me in return a recipe for their brown bread.—*Down South.*

I have just tried the following recipe for oyster fritters, and find it good. Send it to the Post for the benefit of its readers:

Take a pint and a half of milk, 1¼ pounds of flour, four eggs; the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk, and stir the whole well together. Whisk the whites to a stiff broth, and stir them gradually into the batter. Take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster in it, and fry in hot lard. Let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put in the batter all at once, as that would thin it.—*Homebody.*

Castle Pudding.—Have any of the Fireside circle ever made one of these puddings, for I think they will like it:

Two eggs, their weight in butter, flour and white sugar. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till half melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour by degrees, with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon-peel. Put it into five or six cups; half fill them, and bake it in a slow oven about half an hour.—*Domestic Kate*

Will somebody send *Sweet-tooth* a recipe for cocoanut icing used on cake?

Oyster-shell would like a recipe for fricasseed oysters.

Rosebud.—In regard to some style for arranging your hair, I think people generally select that which is the most becoming, even though it may not be the most popular style; it is foolish to sacrifice the becoming for the sake of fashion. Plaits are worn looped in the back. I gave some descriptions of the latest styles of arranging the hair in the Post a few weeks ago.

I gave a very good recipe for renovating a black silk in the first number of the Fireside Chat. Another good one is alcohol and ammonia diluted with water. Rip the silk and sponge thoroughly with this preparation, and rub with a dry sponge or flannel cloth until nearly dry, and the creases are taken out; then hang up to dry, and it will look thoroughly freshened in appearance. I would not take it to any dyer, when there are so many ways of doing it well at home. Bustles are not worn as formerly. They are made very small at the top, and only a sufficient increase at the bottom to throw the dress out slightly. If you are stout, I would suggest the flounced skirt, which is used instead of a bustle. I think all face powders are injurious to the skin, as they inevitably close the pores. Rice powder is the least injurious, this is familiarly known as infant's powder. I will make inquiries about this and let you know in another number. Any questions you wish to ask, or information desired, will always be promptly answered, and I am always very glad to be of assistance to my readers.

Letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Editress of Ladies Department," who will publish all inquiries, information, and suggestions on the various topics connected with the department. Useful hints are solicited.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CLEANLINESS FOR PLANTS.—Cleanliness for plants is essential to their health, and it is, therefore, necessary to secure them from dust as much as possible, and also to cleanse the plants frequently by syringing or washing.

THE VERBENA.—As a window plant there is nothing that will give more bloom than a verbena. Let it be trained on a trellis, and give it all the sun possible; the more sun the more bloom. It came originally from South America, and was introduced into England about the year 1825.

ROOTS FOR STOCK FEED.—Roots have become a necessity with progressive farmers, as a winter stock food, and their great value in this connection should commend them to those who have not essayed their cultivation. Even the owners of work and driving horses, in the large cities, where no opportunity is had to raise them, annually buy hundreds of bushels of carrots, mangel-wurzels, turnips, etc., to be fed in connection with grain food to their horses, and they are well assured of the profitableness of using them.

TIDINESS IN DAIRYMEN.—Professor Hall lays down some positions, which, if followed by dairymen, butter and cheese would be eaten with better appetite. He says there are thoroughbred men as well as animals. Your thoroughbred man is essentially cleanly in his habits, and in his work. Hence such in dairying will commend themselves to their customers. Among such, even a fly in the cream will not be tolerated, and to such want of tidiness in dairying processes would be intolerable.

FRUIT TREES.—Be sure to plant out an assortment of fruit. The cost is nothing compared to the comfort they will afford, to say nothing of the saving. We give below the proper distance for the several varieties of fruits: Apples, 33 feet apart; pears, standard, 20 feet; pears, dwarf, 10 feet; peaches, 20 feet; cherries, 20 feet; plums, 20 feet; apricots, 20 feet; quinces, 10 feet; gooseberries, 4 feet; currants, 4 feet; raspberries, 4 feet. We append a table showing the number of trees or plants required to an acre, at a given distance; 33 feet apart, 27 trees; 20 feet apart, 108 trees; 10 feet apart 435 trees; 4 feet apart, 1,020 trees.

PIG BREEDING.—From the experience of successful swine-breeders it is pretty well established that to keep pigs growing and thrifty all winter, it is important to give them a dry, warm place to sleep; good drink, either warm slop or fresh pumped water; and to keep not too many hogs in an enclosure, and they as nearly as possible of a size. If you have large and small together, the big ones will run over the little, and they will not get their share of food. There is much more danger of cholera or epidemic diseases where the conditions mentioned above are disregarded than where hogs are kept thrifty and growing, and certainly there is more profit. A dry, warm bed is a cheap luxury for hogs in winter, and every farmer should prepare a shed and plenty of material in the fall.

THE MONTENEGRIN COSTUME.

White is the national color, and the very height of Montenegrin elegance is a white tunic richly embroidered with gold. A garment of this kind sometimes costs more then three hundred dollars. The ordinary costume of the warrior consists of a tunic decending to the knee and confined at the waist by a girdle; a hugh waistcoat, the top of which shows above the loose tunic, and is usually embroidered in gold or studded with precious stones; and trousers of the Turkish pattern, made of cloth and knotted below the knees by garters. The prince and one or two other high dignitaries wear a cloak of red cloth, very rich and graceful, over all the other garments. Every warrior wears a small girdle called the *kolan*, which is made of leather or red morocco, and is divided into compartments intended for pistols, daggers, and yataghan. Every boy wears one from earliest childhood, but until he can be trusted with a pistol is allowed to carry only such innocent playthings as a dagger and a small sword. The *strouka* is a garment common to both sexes. It is a broad and long woolen scarf with tasseled ends, somewhat resembling the blanket worn in Southern Spain, and is woven by the old women who can no longer bring wood from the mountains. This blanket is the Montenegrin's only protection from rain or wind or biting cold; and a local proverb says, "Rain or shine, take your *strouka* with you: you can sleep under it or on it." The *opanka*, or hide slipper, which the mountaineers, men and women, wear, is clumsy in shape, but wonderfully convenient for rock-climbing. The Austrian soldiers in the mountains near Cattaro endeavored to adopt the opankas for chasing insurgents, but they discovered that it requires long practice to learn how to walk in them. They are tied on with a multitude of strings, and it is a work of art to learn how to slip them off speedily.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

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ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED—"To Laura," "Just Seventeen," "An Honorable Villain."

LOU S., (Butler, Pa.)—There is no receipt for darkening and thickening the eye-brows.

E. A. H., (Hasden, N. C.)—A lady wears the engagement ring on the fourth finger of the left hand.

ROTHERED, (Essex, N. J.)—There are such things as "removable fixtures" and "irremovable fixtures" in law.

TWO YEARS, (Medina, Ohio.)—The only method to encourage the growth of whiskers at nineteen is frequent shaving.

A. G., (Washington, Md.)—It is not legal to enter a house with the purpose of apprehending a person charged with felony without a warrant.

H. B., (Hunterdon, N. C.)—It is quite clear that alcoholic liquor disagrees with you, from the sensations which it produces; and therefore you ought to give it up altogether.

T. W., (Henry, Tenn.)—There are numerous books of Arctic voyages; namely—by Kane, Franklin, Ross, Parry, Back, King, Richardson, Collinson, Belcd, Barrow, Scoresby, &c.

SORRY D., (Wayne, Mich.)—Gentlemen very often like a plain girl who is agreeable and able to converse well, better than a pretty one who possesses no other attraction than her beauty.

AMELIA, (Bradford, Pa.)—Flushing of the face occurs to many persons at or after meals, and is not easily prevented, unless by eating very slowly and abstaining altogether from beer or wine.

M. L. M., (Livingston, N. Y.)—We very much fear that you will not find a market for your poems, the specimens you have sent us not being by any means up to the standard for publication.

HILDA, (Lenisa, Va.)—We really do not know what significance, if any, is attached to the surname you have mentioned. A mixture of charcoal and prepared chalk makes an excellent tooth-powder.

ROSABELLA, (Point Coupee, La.)—Why do you ask us whether it is wrong for a young lady to receive presents from a gentleman and meet him unknown to her parents? You know very well, all the time that you are asking the question that it is most improper and indiscreet.

NEGLECTED, (McLean, Ky.)—As your education has been so sadly neglected we fear that you do not possess a sufficient groundwork of knowledge to enable you to set about teaching yourself and therefore we can only advise you to obtain the assistance of a governess. As for the handwriting, it might soon be improved by practice.

IGNORANCE, (Sumner, Kans.)—Any chemist will supply you with an eye-lotion for a very small sum. The eye-lashes will not grow again when they have come out through a diseased state of the eyelid. A candidate for a clerkship in a bank must write a good hand, have a thorough knowledge of accounts, and be tolerably well educated.

S. M. S., (Tisbi, Minn.)—If one of the witnesses to a will dies, it is not necessary to obtain the signature of another. A person, on making his will, should enclose it in a sealed envelope, addressed to his executors, and put it in some secure place where it may be found at his death, or he should leave it with his lawyer, banker, or intended executor.

CURIOSITY, (Berkely, W. Va.)—The cochineal bug insect which is principally found in Mexico. The female of this insect, when dried, is used to dye a rich scarlet. Carmine is also procured from it. Cinnamon is the fragrant bark of a low tree growing on the Island of Ceylon. Its leaves resemble those of the olive, and the fruit resembles the acorn or olive, having neither the smell nor taste of the bark; both yield an oil.

A. T., (Newton, Miss.)—Sir Godfrey Kneller painted a series of portraits, called Beauties of the Court of William III., but they are far inferior, and very tame in comparison with Sir Peter Lely's Beauties of the Court of Charles II., Temple Bar, London, England, was built in 1670, by Sir Christopher Wren; Somerset House, by Sir W. Chambers; and Newgate between 1770 and 1780, by an architect named Dance.

ESTHER, (Phila., Pa.)—We cannot answer so general a question as "whether it is consistent with etiquette to refuse a gentleman's arm when offered," because there are occasions when it would be rude to refuse it, and there are others when it may be refused with propriety. To refuse the escort from the drawing-room to the dining-room, or for a promenade after a dance, would be the height of rudeness; but out walking the refusal may be made.

BELLA, (Henry, Ga.)—A young lady cannot, with propriety, make any overture towards a young gentleman, either to court his acquaintance or make him aware that she has conceived a partiality for him. If the young gentleman, in your case, really entertains any serious feeling towards you, depend upon it that he will find some means of making the avowal in spite of his bashfulness. If no such demonstration takes place you may then conclude that he does not reciprocate your sentiments so warmly as you seem to fancy.

CONSTANCE, (Townsend Centre, Mass.)—1. There are so many important matters involved in the sale of property, under any circumstances, that your best course would be to consult a lawyer. 2. Vocal and instrumental music are included among the special branches of study in all, or nearly all, the seminaries or colleges for females in the country. 3. We have no means of ascertaining whether the New York medical firm you speak of is reliable or not. The other company we believe to be all right. The reason no reply was made to your communication was probably a pressure of business.

EDITH E., (Perry, Pa.)—Your embarrassment arises from the natural diffidence consequent or not having been used to go into society. As you have now to go out a great deal you will find that your bashfulness will speedily wear off. When in company with others quietly observe the behavior of those who have been accustomed to mix much in society and appear to be always at their ease. Answer when you are addressed as fully as occasion demands and venture to offer observations to create conversation by eliciting remarks. You will, by following this plan, put your mauvaise honte to flight.

JULIANNA, (Madison, N. C.)—There is no other cure for nervousness than to awake in yourself a proper amount of self-confidence. We have once before observed that nervous people possess in most cases a greater amount of intellectual power than those who seem as much at ease in strange society as they do at home. We have been assured by a personal friend that a gentleman who within the last few years has made himself a name among learned and scientific men that will last long after him, in his youth was extremely diffident, and when spoken to by a stranger would blush like a girl of sixteen. Carry out, mentally, the common saying: "I am as good as you," and if you can but once possess yourself of this idea, your nervousness will soon vanish.

BACHELOR, (Merced, Cal.)—1. You are equally as welcome to the benefit of our advice as any. We think that you ought now to marry and enjoy domestic happiness, which, as you have deferred so late, ought to be a welcome change to you. If your circumstances are promising, there are many hundreds of young women who would be glad of you for a husband. The age we should advise you to choose from twenty-five to thirty, which will be about proportionate to your own. If you choose a younger woman, you will probably be sowing seed for future trouble in the shape of a large family, whose settling in life will occur just when your energies are beginning to fail. 2. Either get rid of the young man who lives with you before you marry, or take a private house for your residence after marriage.

D. B., (Winston, Ala.)—Nothing is more rare than a perfectly handsome nose, the principal characteristics of which are thus described by Lavater:—The length ought to be equal to that of the forehead, where it ought to have a slight curve at the root. When seen in front, the ridge should be rather broad, and broader in the middle than anywhere else. The end should be neither hard nor muscular, and the lower contour neither too pointed nor too broad. In front the "wings" or sides of the nose, should distinctly appear, and the nostrils be shortened in a pleasing manner below. In the profile, the lower side of the triangle should not exceed one-third of the length. The nostrils ought to end more or less in a point, and to be gracefully incurvated. At the top, the nose must nearly join the arch of the orbit of the eye. A nose with this conformation always announces an excellent and distinguished character."

GEORGE, (Appanoose, Iowa.)—It is a very common occurrence for marriages to be performed where only the friends on one side are well disposed to it, and that is most generally the case where daughters are concerned. The fact is, that among a certain class the salary of a young unmarried man enables him to add considerably to the weekly income of his parents, who, in some cases from selfish reasons, in others on well founded ones, object to his marrying. In your case, considering your age, we should advise you to accept the engagement offered, but to postpone the marriage for twelve months, at the end of which time the young man's friends will be prepared to submit to what is inevitable. Human nature is very strange in its variations. After twenty-one, a young man will marry the one he has chosen against the wishes and advice of his friends, but at the age of forty or fifty, he frequently raises the same objections to the choice of his children for their partners for life that were raised by his own parents to his choice.